New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Spring Books Number

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Childe Harold in the White House

THE first Berlin crisis began the Cold War. The second may end it—either by detonating a world explosion or, in forcing East and West to negotiate seriously, by ushering in the era of peaceful co-existence. It is the awareness of this choice which prompts Mr Macmillan's anxious pilgrimage to the world's power capitals. Both time and space invest Berlin with unique dangers. Geographically, it is located in an area where the Cold War lines are drawn with absolute precision and where both morally and militarily the two blocs are most heavily committed. Though the mere signature of a Soviet treaty with the East Germans would produce no physical western response, both sides know that, if it led to any attempt to oust the West from Berlin, the machinery of nuclear conflict would be set in motion.

These dangers are further multiplied by the timing of the crisis. The US is nervously aware that the age of the Strategic Air Command—and with it the policy of massive deterrence—is drawing to a close. Even the Defence Department now admits that, in the period 1961-5, Russia will possess a three-to-one superiority in intercontinental missiles; and most experts would place the odds far higher. Washington is beginning to believe that a time may come when the Soviet edge will be so great that Moscow will be able to envisage a preventive war from which, by virtue of Soviet capacity to destroy the deterrent on the ground, she might emerge almost unscathed. This apocalyptic image has in turn prompted the thesis that Berlin is the last great crisis which the US can face in the sure knowledge that she still possesses superior destructive power. Hence the repeated statements in Washington, from the President down, that unilateral Soviet action will unleash the nuclear deluge. America, no more than anyone else, wants a showdown; but if it must come, she would prefer it now.

Tragically, this acute awareness of the timing of the crisis is not confined to Washington. Moscow, too, to judge by the tone of recent statements, sees Berlin against the historical perspective of the arms race: for the first time, Russia has entered an international crisis on terms of military parity with the US—indeed, it is very likely that Mr Krushchev's military advisers believe they already hold the lead. With time on his side, and convinced that he can gain his ends by diplomatic and political means, he will probably not precipitate a direct clash; but equally, he will reject any solution which does not reflect the new relation of military power.

If either of these military equations is put to the test—and whichever proves correct—Britain will be the chief sufferer. Hence Mr Macmillan has wisely attempted to wrench the discussion from its military framework and employ the arts of pure diplomacy. In Moscow, he early discovered that Russia was no longer prepared to discuss Germany along the lines of the classic Cold War formulas, and that Mr Krushchev would not hesitate to break off the talks unless something new was produced. Hence, in the closing stages of his visit, he unveiled a modified plan for disengagement. This concept is sufficiently wide and flexible to accommodate two otherwise irreconcilable positions as a basis for discussion. The effect was immediate: Mr Krushchev dropped his May deadline, and accepted a foreign ministers' conference as a prelude to the Summit.

Mr Macmillan's next task was to secure Allied endorsement of his initiative. From de Gaulle he met with nothing but discourtesy. Dr Adenauer was more flexible: he made it clear he would support no disengagement plan unless it received the express approval of the US military authorities. Hence, the talks in Washington form the climax of Mr Macmillan's efforts. President Eisenhower has already stated that he will go to the Summit if its discussions can be 'meaningful'. Mr Macmillan must now convince him that disengagement is the only context in which this is likely to happen. If Eisenhower agrees to put disengagement on the agenda, then we can look forward to a summer of hard, protracted negotiations. If not, we can expect the Berlin deadline to be resurrected. And this, indeed, is Macmillan's strongest card: for if the West is divided on Germany, it is far more divided on the detailed and practical steps to meet the threat to Berlin.

Comments on the Week's News

The Federation Disintegrates

During the past week violence has continued in Nyasaland and there are more reports of official threats of communal reprisals. For the moment government tactics seem to be concentrated on trying to divide the chiefs from Congress; and the flag-showing expeditions into the bush are designed for this purpose. Ever since 1951, Congress and the chiefs have spoken with a single voice in denouncing federation; and the government is not now likely to win over many stooges. The most probable development, in fact, is that the national determination to secede from the Federation will show itself in a gradually continuing administrative disintegration unless some political gesture is now made by Britain towards the Nyasa people. Meanwhile, in Northern Rhodesia, elections are taking place on a limited and discriminatory franchise. The Zambia Congress, which had tried to boycott the elections, has been banned and its leaders arrested. The National Congress has decided to take part in the elections in the hope of being able to gain some further constitutional advance. But whatever the outcome, the new Legislative and Executive Councils of Northern Rhodesia will be dominated by the white minority. Farther south, the Southern Rhodesians have introduced a series of bills outlawing certain political bodies, declaring that those who are alleged to be members of them are to be assumed guilty until they can prove their innocence, and assuming wholly outrageous new powers of detention. Sir Roy Welensky, for his part, has rounded the week off not only by denouncing the British Labour Party and liberals who have joined in condemnation of his policy of white supremacy, but by revealing to the world that the plot in Nyasaland was, of course, a Communist one.

Caution in Kenya

In spite of the tension in Nairobi, Kenya seems to have been shocked by the events of Nyasaland into an interlude of caution and moderation. Tom Mboya's reactions to the arrest and rustication of his supporters, and to the search of his own house in the middle of the night, were much more temperate than might reasonably have been expected. His appeal to Kenyans of all races to get together and consider the future of the nation is wise and constructive. On the white side, Michael Blundell, by admitting that there may be a case for the constitutional conference demanded by Africans and Asians, has made a move towards at least discussing the constitutional problems. Moreover, the Kenya government has shown that it has learnt an important lesson by attacking European extremists at the same time as African extremists. Some credit for this more hopeful prospect should be accorded to Julius Nyerere, the African leader from Tanganyika. He has given statesmanlike advice to Kenyan Africans while at the same time fighting his own battle by constitutional means. His reward now is a new Tanganyikan constitution which offers him five elected Ministers out of 12; three to be Africans, one Asian, and one European. As the Asian and European elected members have been backed by his organisation, the five elected Ministers will in fact be his supporters. If Kenya can learn from the example of Tanganyika, the country may yet be saved from racial disaster and a genuine nation created. A delegation from all races is shortly to visit London in order to press for a declaration that the objective in Kenya is a democratic state and for constitutional talks to discuss the best methods of achieving it. If the British government has learnt anything from recent events in Central Africa, it will now eagerly accept this opportunity of discussion as an alternative to revolt.

Nasser on the Defensive

President Nasser now faces the biggest political crisis of his career. In Iraq, he has been forced to show his hand and has suffered an overwhelming military, political and moral defeat. It is clear that Iraqi public opinion has turned decisively against his concept of a pan-Arab state. This defeat is bound to weaken his position in the oil states of the Persian Gulf, where until recently the pan-Arabists – many of whom acted under instructions from the Egyptian so-called cultural mission – controlled public opinion. More seriously, it may undermine the stability of the Syrian Province of the UAR, where opposition to the union with Egypt is no longer confined to the Aleppo business community, but now includes a number of nationalist politicians who resent the increasing Egyptianisation of the Syrian administration. It is said in Beirut that the Iraqis are now reviving Nuri es-Said's plans for a Greater Syria; and it is conceivable that Nasser may soon have to face a *coup* in Damascus, backed by the intervention of the Iraqi army and air force. Hence, we must expect him to strengthen his southern flank by a *rapprochement* with King Hussein. Cairo Radio has now abandoned its anti-Hashemite propaganda, and its views of the dangers of 'international Communism' are identical with Hussein's. For the present, both Hussein and Nasser have much to gain from a revival of the Egypt-Syria-Jordan military pact, whose signature in October 1956 was the pretext for the Israeli invasion of Sinai. At the same time, however, the deterioration of Nasser's relations with Moscow must be causing him concern at home. Work on the Aswan Dam has already begun; and the Egyptian cotton industry is 75 per cent dependent on eastern European markets. If Mr Krushchev decides to end his aid, Nasser's financial position would become desperate.

De Gaulle versus Nato

General de Gaulle's decision to withdraw the third of the French fleet allocated to the Nato Mediterranean Command is the latest in a series of moves designed to put pressure on Washington to accept his new blueprint for the Nato command structure. Since he took office, the General has (1) refused to allow the construction of French-manned missile bases in central and eastern France, unless the nuclear warheads are placed directly under the French Ministry of Defence; (2) refused to allow the stockpiling of US nuclear weapons on French territory; and (3) withdrawn the French Metropolitan Fighter Command from Nato. Behind the latest move, however, lie two particular grievances. The French argue that, although the French naval contribution in the Mediterranean is larger than Britain's, France holds only one of seven senior command posts, in which the British have an undue share. Secondly, Washington appears to have gone back on a promise by Mr Dulles to supply the French navy with the power plant for a nuclear submarine. A similar plant is already under construction by Westinghouse for the Royal Navy, following the signature of the Anglo-US nuclear exchange agreement negotiated last year in Bermuda. This led to a revision of the US Atomic Energy Act, permitting the Administration to divulge nuclear secrets to allied powers which already possessed nuclear capability. At present, this proviso excludes France, and there is no doubt that Congress would object if the Administration implemented Dulles's promise. Meanwhile, de Gaulle has submitted a new paper to Nato, calling for changes in the command structure of the Nato ground forces in central Europe; and this may well lead to a threat to withdraw French troops from General Speidel's command. There is no doubt that Nato HQ is now deeply concerned by de Gaulle's attitude, and some of his critics even complain that he is deliberately taking advantage of the Berlin crisis to impose his views. But to accept them is even more distasteful than to quarrel about them, for they involve the virtual dismantling of the whole supranational command structure of Nato, and the reversion to a classic military alliance, whose political and military decisions would be taken by a tripartite *directoire*, in which France would exercise a veto.

Mr Cannon and the ETU

Now that extracts have been published from the letter than Mr Les Cannon wrote to the TUC in February, there may be an additional count in the indictment against him drawn up by the leadership of the Electrical Trades Union. Mr Cannon, like other critics of the Communist clique which dominates the ETU executive, is in trouble for alleged violations of Section 4 of Rule 10 of the ETU, which states that a member 'shall not divulge outside the union any union business': specifically, the critics are charged with having written to the press. As we pointed out last week, such charges seem to be hypocrisy when they are made by men who have consistently discussed union affairs with Communist Party officials who are not members of the ETU, especially when no charges are made against other members of the ETU who, as Communists, 'divulge union business' to non-members. We stated last week, for instance, that Mr Ron Sell, a full-time CP organiser, had led a discussion on the affairs of the ETU at a Communist 'industrial conference' in Shoreditch. Mr Sell, in point of fact, is no longer a party organiser: he is now a working electrician and a member of the Eltham branch of the ETU. Is action under Rule 10 to be taken against him? The letter that Mr Cannon has sent to the TUC, however, goes beyond the controversy about Rule 10. He stated that prominent members of the ETU were prepared to substantiate four main allegations: that there had been conspiracy by Communist Party members to alter the results of ballots; that Mr Haxell, the general secretary, had deliberately obstructed the appeals machinery of the union; that correspondence from branches disagreeing with Mr Haxell's actions had been withheld from the executive; and that there had been blatant discrimination in the use of the union's disciplinary powers. This letter, which gives examples to support these allegations, may not, perhaps, have been 'received' officially by the TUC, which does not entertain communications from individual union members. But the information in it may be one reason why the TUC is continuing to press for a more adequate answer from Mr Haxell.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

No Peace for the Brave

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The reaction of the Gaullists to their moral defeat in the municipal elections was swift and hysterical. Last Thursday, the entire issue of *L'Express* was seized by the police. A communiqué issued by the Prime Minister's office, and seemingly drafted by M. Debré himself, accused the paper of treason, using defamatory language which is unprecedented in a government statement of this kind. In the evening, the radio news bulletins were interrupted to allow one of the regime's propagandists, M. Maurice Clavel, 'to explain to all Frenchmen what this business is really about'. Having carefully smeared *L'Express*, Clavel warned all journalists who planned to visit Tunisia that henceforth any interviews with FLN leaders there would be considered a serious and anti-patriotic offence. The next day, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times* – both suspected of referring to the seizure in their news columns – were held up for several hours on their arrival in Paris.

What was it all about? The week before, Jean Daniel, the *L'Express* expert on North African affairs, had had a long interview with Si Azzedine in Tunis. Si Azzedine – Arab for 'favoured by destiny' – is the nickname bestowed by his comrades on Zerrari Rabah, a 25-year-old Algerian guerrilla captured by the French last November. At the French military hospital where he was imprisoned, Si Azzedine was visited by General Massu himself. Massu began by congratulating the young man on his valour. From flattery, Massu went on to deliver a long sermon about the political situation in Algeria. Had he been an Algerian, he said, he would certainly have joined the revolt in 1954 and fought in the *maquis*. But the day de Gaulle came to power, he would have ceased fighting, because it had become pointless. 'Today,' he went on, 'you can have everything you want without recourse to arms'. Later, a certain Captain Marion also visited him and came to the point. 'He said,' Si Azzedine related to Daniel, 'that he wanted to show his confidence in me, that he knew I was well liked in my region. He offered to free me. I did not believe him . . . However, Marion went on to make me a detailed offer: as soon as I accepted it, I was to be freed. I was to return to the *maquis;* I was to see my superiors and convey to them the promise of the French generals that, if they stopped fighting, they would be given luxury treatment and administrative jobs'.

After pondering this for 24 hours, Azzedine accepted the mission. Massu immediately reappeared with a bottle of champagne, and personally signed the pass allowing Azzedine to move through the French lines. The young man therefore returned to the *maquis*, where his colleagues decided that he should continue to make the French believe he was co-operating with them, and exploit his privileged situation in order to obtain military information of use to the FLN. He therefore went back to Algiers, where Massu received him with open arms and, at his request, suspended military operations in the sector where the 'negotiations' were supposed to take place. Then he returned to the *maquis* – for good. 'I had,' he told Daniel, 'done everything that my comrades had asked of me, and, in addition, enabled a convoy of food, equipment and hospital supplies to reach our lines.'

When the French learned of their prisoner's 'treason', they promptly announced that 'he had probably been liquidated by the FLN, and in any case had not been a free agent'. In Tunis, the FLN replied that Si Azzedine was shortly due to arrive at their headquarters and that he would be able and willing to tell journalists the whole story. Indeed, before he saw Daniel, he had given a comparable interview to the *New York Times*.

The personal story of Si Azzedine is of secondary importance. But it proves beyond doubt that the Gaullist attempt to negotiate a cease-fire directly with the guerrillas, over the heads of their leaders and their government, is simply a non-starter. Si Azzedine is quite emphatic on this point. The FLN is a highly organised and homogeneous force, animated by a common revolutionary spirit, and controlled by a military-political hierarchy. If the French wish to negotiate at all, then they must negotiate with its official leadership. Hence, de Gaulle's 'peace of the brave' – his attempt to create an alternative to the impossible choice between permanent war and a negotiated peace – is now exposed as mere wishful thinking. The crime of *L'Express* was that it shattered the General's dreams.

Lisbon

The Terror

A Correspondent writes: Salazar's refusal to recognise the asylum granted by the Brazilian Embassy to General Delgado and to allow the Ambassador to take him out of Portugal is creating friction in the relations between Brazil and Portugal. Salazar has been informed that unless a satisfactory solution is found to Delgado's case Brazil will withdraw support for Portugal in the United Nations. The attitude of the Brazilian government seems to be the result of the campaign carried out in the press, universities and parliament of Brazil since the Portuguese presidential election last June. Credit must also be given to the Brazilian Ambassador in Lisbon and his wife, who are known for anti-Fascist views.

Argentine is also giving her moral support to the Portuguese liberals. Last month her Ambassador paid an official visit to the offices of the opposition newspaper *Republica*. Now he has given political asylum to Captain Galvao, to which Salazar has replied by cordoning the embassy with armed police.

These gestures of the two leading Latin American countries coming after Bevan's expression of solidarity with the liberals have further weakened Salazar's regime. But repressive machinery has been strengthened. New police stations have been set up in Beja, Evora and other towns. Mobile patrols, using dogs, have been increased. Further units of secret police have also been created and a large number of armed jeeps placed at their disposal to carry out house raids. Decree No. 41872 has been passed providing the secret police with more funds. All meetings – even television parties – have been banned. Traffic police on country roads have now been instructed to search passers-by. To implement these new measures Salazar had had great difficulty in finding a Minister of the Interior: the minister appointed last August resigned after a month in office, and to find a new man Salazar is said to have approached ten people until he discovered a young army officer of Nazi breed, Arnaldo Schultz, notorious for his atrocities in the Spanish civil war.

But the people seem to have lost their fear. Groups of labourers, gathered in front of public buildings, including police posts, and demanding work are a common sight nowadays. Though they are usually dispersed with brutality, in Cerca and Vale de Vargo they were conducted to landlords' houses and given work. The authorities seem to be yielding to this kind of pressure recently, particularly since the successful Cuban revolt. Indeed, the hated judges of the political courts of Lisbon and Oporto have suddenly become lenient. For the last two months 15 trials of over 100 people have been held and no one has been sentenced to more than three years.

With Salazar's followers now divided, and the revolt of the Catholic Church spreading, officials foresee the end of the regime. Since the resignation of the executive committee of Uniao Nacional, Salazar's party, last November, 14 deputies have refused to vote for bills increasing taxation. The Bishop of Oporto is now being followed by police, and civil servants have been forbidden to attend religious ceremonies presided over by him; but the churches where he preaches are packed. The speeches of Cardinal Cerejeira are now radically censored. After Salazar's speech of 6 December, threatening to revise the relations of the regime with the Church, he has decided not to send government representatives to religious ceremonies. The festival of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, the Patroness of Portugal, was not attended by members of the government, and became a day of silent manifestation of a church in revolt.

Feeling that the situation is getting beyond control, Salazar has increased the pay of the armed forces, promoted a large number of officers, and stepped up the police terror. Large numbers of workers from the big factories, such as Sorrefame, Fabrica Portugal, ENAE, and CUF, have been arrested. So have civil servants and university students. Many were beaten in their own houses in front of their wives and children. Instructions have been issued to 'liquidate all political prisoners', as the Director of the Caxias Prison has admitted. Jaime Serra and Jose Adelino dos Santos are known to have died of torture. Others severely tortured include Adelia Terruta (a pregnant woman, kicked on the abdomen), Manuel Ega (now in a lunatic asylum), Joana Mendonca, Joaquim Machado, Fernando Matias, Manuel Martins, Marcus Antunes, Luiz Ferreira dos Santos, Alvaro Ramos, Manuel Silva, Manuel Guedes, Celestino Ferreira, Antonio Farrica, Oliveira Valenca (arrested for printing invitations to the lectures that Mr Bevan would have given in Portugal), Antonio Caprinha, Americo Pereira, Mario Gonsalves, Mario Dias, Manuel Sanches, Jose dos Santos e Fernades, Joaquim Saboga, Aida Paula and her mother, Maria Costa Dias, Maira Piedade Gomes, Alice Leal, Joaquim Gomes, Dr Pedro Soares and his wife, Agostinho Saboga, Cesaltina Leal, Thomas Figueiredo and Dr Mario Vilaca. The information relates to prisoners in Caxias and Aljube only.

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Billy Butlin

With drawing by VICKY

V. S. Pritchett on James Dean

Owing to Easter next week's issue will be on sale one day early — on Thursday.

Westminster

Suez—and Proud of It!

With all the sincerity he could summon—and Mr Harold Macmillan summons sincerity as easily as a sheikh summons concubines—the Prime Minister last Monday in the debate on the Egyptian agreement made a passionate declaration. 'Mr Bevan has stated', he said, 'that I was one of Sir Anthony Eden's main supporters in his Suez policy. . . . I am proud of it. I supported him to the best of my ability throughout his handling of these affairs from the beginning until the end. . . . All that time he had . . . the consistent and loyal support of all his colleagues in the Cabinet.'

Sitting on his left as he spoke was Mr Heathcoat Amory. When Mr Amory, then Minister of Agriculture, was first let into the secret of the coming attack on Suez he protested with some vigour; but when his protests were unavailing, he shrugged his shoulders. 'After all, I know about farming, not foreign affairs', he is reported to have said, and let things slide, perhaps the only cowardly action of his life. Sitting on the Prime Minister's right was Mr R. A. Butler who, coldly and dispassionately, had argued against the attack from the moment it was mooted and who supported Sir Anthony Eden only once the decision was irrevocably taken. These two provided an ironical background for Mr Macmillan's words.

But what of Macmillan himself? He along with Selwyn Lloyd ('Selwyn, this is your finest hour') had been the fieriest proponent of the attack—indeed for something like three weeks he seldom even visited the Treasury, and only when D-day had passed did he return, moustaches quivering with emotion, to his proper work as Chancellor. There on his desk he found a memorandum, presented some days previously by Sir Edward Boyle, the then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, spelling out what effects the attack would have on our export trade, on our balance of payments and on the pound. Shocked by what he read, Macmillan at once rang up Washington to ask for temporary financial help. He was told that, unless the attack, now launched, were called off by midnight, Britain would get no financial help from the United States. With hardly a pause to put away his medals, Macmillan strode to the Prime Minister and insisted that the attack should stop. So much for his support.

And so much for the version he gave the Commons this week. Tories in this House of Commons have got away with so much that they now feel sure they can get away with everything. As the Tory Lord Lambton, quoted by Mr Hugh Gaitskell in the debate, said of Selwyn Lloyd: "After all, [people] have heard him say that it was vital to go into Egypt, vital to stay in Egypt, vital to get out of Egypt, vital we should not make terms with Egypt, now vital to make terms with Egypt'; and of course, during the Suez crisis itself, Tory leaders trotted out something like a dozen separate, and often contradictory, reasons for the attack, culminating in the charge that Colonel Nasser was putting himself at the head of a Communist plot. This last excuse Gaitskell was able to recall with particular force, since on the very day of the debate Mr Krushchev had sent Nasser a sharp warning about his anti-Communist activities in Iraq.

Gaitskell, in a brilliantly effective speech, was able to recall with equal force another excuse—that the attack on Suez was designed to protect British life and property. Yet we were now discussing an agreement which, at the best, will leave British owners of property in Egypt with substantial losses which need never have occurred. The Prime Minister had promised that our obligations to those who suffered loss through the attack would be fulfilled 'in an honourable way'. Yet the agreement is so dishonourable that, as Colonel George Wigg revealed, the 700 technicians sent to work in the Suez base under specific guarantees are being paid only six months' wages as compensation for their loss of jobs, imprisonment and ill treatment. And from this paltry sum any income tax they owed to Nasser is being deducted by the British government.

It was no wonder that Heathcoat Amory, as Chancellor, presented this agreement to the House much as a company chairman might present to his shareholders some plans for the liquidation of a mismanaged subsidiary—all rather unfortunate, but in the end liquidation will be seen to be in the best interests of everyone, etc., etc. It was no wonder, either, that the Prime Minister should prefer to ignore both the details of the agreement and its implications. It is also no wonder that, after all the excuses and counter-excuses about Suez, after the prevarications on Cyprus, after the stories of plots and massacres in Africa, no one in the opposition is willing to accept the word of a Tory on major political issues or to regard the Tory party in parliament as anything more than an organised hypocrisy.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

'He's in for heresy—been practising what we preach.'

Fleet Street

Struggle for Power

Now Odhams have made a take-over bid for Hulton's, the big battalions of the periodical press are moving up for battles ahead. Fleet Street is following the world pattern. What is now taking place is a consolidation of power groups capable of meeting each other on sufficiently equal terms to make any one of them chary of dropping the first hydrogen bomb—which in this instance means risking millions of pounds in raiding the rival's market.

Odhams would have liked to get control of Amalgamated Press. It was beaten at the post by the Mirror-Pictorial group. But when Cecil King and Hugh Cudlipp moved into the magazine field with the AP takeover, one thing was at once clear. The Amalgamated Press, which has 50 publications, was certain to follow a more aggressive policy. For years it has just been coasting along. It will not continue to do so—even though it may well be five years before the King-Cudlipp combination can reorganise AP for an offensive backed by the financial and technical resources of the *Mirror* and *Pictorial*. Having lost out on the Amalgamated Press deal, which would have put them in a virtually impregnable position, Odhams feel it essential to widen the bounds of their empire. The Hulton deal is the first move.

Hulton Press had found itself caught between the competing empires, and it was driven to join one side or the other. In the past it had been a highly profitable enterprise. But, when the main foundation of its original success went with the close down of *Picture Post*, its profits fell heavily—from over £500,000 a year to last year's level of £30,000. Laterly, however, they have been picking up. Its children's papers are nicely profitable; *Farmers Weekly* richly so, and many of its other main properties, such as *Housewife*, are doing reasonably well. Even *Lilliput*, which has had a difficult time, has begun to show signs of reaching satisfactory prospects of profit within a couple of months or so. The group was in a position to pay its way—so long as it could be assured of a quiet life. What it could not face was the possibility that in a battle between Odhams and AP it might have to defend the markets it at present enjoys.

Moreover, Sir Edward Hulton's real publishing love died with *Picture Post*. He has never

been so committed to any of the other periodicals he owned – even when they have been making considerable profits. His interests have never been really those of a general periodical publisher. Indeed, I suspect that both he and Lady Hulton, who is a very active participant in Hulton publishing policy, have disengaged themselves from these commercial interests with a certain amount of relief – plus, of course, a handsome profit. They now feel that they will in due course be free to embark on some new publishing venture nearer to their hearts' desire. This will probably be a new kind of general-interest political weekly. It is influence, and what may very broadly be termed intellectual status, that the two Hultons are now most interested in. They have enough money to get by with – especially if they back their fancy in a field that the big press empires believe gives more trouble than reward.

Meanwhile King and Cudlipp have begun to clear the decks of the somewhat cumbersome and old-fashioned vessel they have brought under their command by throwing some of the less profitable cargo overboard – including *Home Chat* and *Everybodys*. The decision to ditch *Everybodys*, whose circulation under AP ownership had fallen from over a million to only around 350,000 in the course of a few years, does not mean that the idea of a general-interest magazine has been abandoned. It merely means that there may be more chance of making a success of a new venture than in trying to persuade everybody that *Everybodys* was becoming brighter and better.

Whether there will in fact be a new general-interest weekly has not yet been finally decided – still less its exact nature or price. Present thinking I gather is that in this field nothing much short of a 2,000,000 circulation is now worth thinking about seriously – and formulas for 2,000,000 circulations do not grow on gooseberry bushes. There are, moreover, a great many things King and Cudlipp need to do in the way of general spring cleaning in the AP before they get down to new ventures.

Perhaps the close down of *Everybodys* could hit Odhams' still very successful *John Bull*: the death of *Picture Post* sealed the fate of *Illustrated* – contrary to the belief that it would set it on its feet by removing its most serious competitor. When the field is reduced to one, advertisers tend to come to the conclusion that it cannot be a very worthwhile market anyway, and the revenue of the survivor slumps. This principle may not, of course, apply in the case of *John Bull*. The gap between it and *Everybodys* was so much wider than that between *Illustrated* and *Picture Post* that it is doubtful whether in recent months *Everybodys'* existence has affected it much either way. So, odd as it may seem, Odhams may actually welcome rather than deplore a decision by Amalgamated Press to re-enter this market.

One other indirect consequence seems likely to follow from this mobilisation of forces in the periodical field. Odhams will now be in no mood to spend much money in trying to build up the *Daily Herald* in the months ahead. They have decided to put most of their eggs in the magazine basket. Indeed they can be said to have come to that decision sometime back when, almost at the same time as they at last secured sole control of the *Herald*, they decided to launch *Woman's Realm*. For that made it difficult to do what had been generally expected – to put large new funds into developing and promoting their daily. It is a pity. But there it is. In publishing, as in war, big powers are chary of spreading their forces over too many fronts.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Room At The Top?

THE appearance of Mr Morgan Phillips among the entries in North-East Derbyshire was the most intriguing local news of the week. His withdrawal on Wednesday was purely tactical. He made it clear that he was still in the market for a seat, even though this would mean that he must resign as secretary of the Labour Party. And he has thereby set off a train of speculation about the causes and consequences of his decision. Would his resignation, for instance, pull out the linchpin of party organisation on the eve of the election? Or will he be prevailed upon to stay in office for the present, with the prospect of a peerage or a safe seat after the election is over?

The real interest, however, in this strange episode does not lie in the personal fortunes of Mr Phillips, but in the way in which the Labour Party runs its machine, and the ends which that machine is expected to serve. It has been clear for some time that the organisation both in Transport House and throughout the country was far from adequate to modern conditions. It ceased to be adequate, indeed, from the moment when Lord Woolton began to overhaul the machinery of the Tory Party after its 1945 debacle, and every year the contrast between the two machines grew more striking.

This has not been merely a matter of money. When Mr Harold Wilson finally persuaded the party to undertake a searching review of its ramshackle constituency organisation – against some determined opposition from within the party bureaucracy – he was able to discover a good many ways of improving the machine that did not involve a great deal of extra cash. Though money helps, it does not by itself restore moribund bodies to health.

Already, with the publication of the Wilson report, Mr Phillips must have begun to feel that the amateur politicians were encroaching on the preserve of the professionals. But as the reorganisation proceeded, and as the party leadership moved on to work out the detailed policies of the Gaitskell era, more and more work had to be farmed out to non-professionals. The small research staff at Transport House, it is true, rose to the occasion very creditably: it has made a real contribution to the policy documents of the past three years, and they could not have been produced without its labours. But too much had to be done by too few people.

With the approach of the election, more outsiders have had to be called in. Press, publicity, television, opinion sampling – each of them has needed outside specialists who have worked with the appropriate committees of the National Executive. In the process, some people who have given long service to the movement have felt themselves slighted – this, indeed, is inevitable when an old-fashioned machine is called upon to give modern results. The Labour Party organisation has been built up bit by bit: it started, like all progressive bodies, in a back-room, where ill-paid enthusiasts tried to direct the efforts of a volunteer army. It has been dominated by that concept to the present day, partly because it somehow managed to get results, partly because there has always been too little money, and partly because the party membership has always been instinctively, and understandably, suspicious of a strong and efficient bureaucracy.

In the last two or three years it has become plain that the methods which did duty for so long will no longer serve. Just as the party has had to modernise its electoral machine at the constituency level, so it now needs sufficient and sophisticated staff at the centre if it is to master modern techniques of propaganda and administration and to provide its political leadership with a flow of detailed, accurate material for policy-making. Without this, the party cannot be effective in opposition or have any check on civil servants and lobbyists when it is in office.

That is why it will not be enough, when Mr Phillips departs, to shuffle a successor into his empty chair, and go on as before. The National Executive has the opportunity, and must find the means, to remodel Transport House, so that the politicians whose job it is to decide the principles of policy and keep the bureaucrats in their place – may be served by professionals who know how to translate those principles into detail and into terms that the public can understand.

London Diary

THE crisis in Berlin made the Königswinter conference of British and German politicians and journalists even more interesting than usual. For my part, however, I tired of listening to arguments about 'elastic rigidity' and 'firm elasticity' and turned my attention, as far as possible, to exploring German opinion. Unlike the British, the Germans are well aware that there is no iron curtain in Germany itself; official and unofficial exchanges between East and West go on all the time. In public, of course, it is obligatory to say that a divided Germany is inconceivable – this is all the easier because unification is not now on the political map. I could not find that this really worries West Germans very much. When a British MP remarked that he had no objection to East Germany being recognised as a separate state, a German murmured: 'So most of us think here, but no one dares say so'. In fact, the very idea of mixing the economies of the capitalist West with the Communist East appals business men and West Germans realise that it would lower their standard of living. Then, too, members of the CDU, who talk most vehemently about re-uniting Germany, are far from liking the prospect of being swamped by the Protestants and Marxists of the East. No doubt all this would change quickly enough if there were a West German slump – and unemployment in the coal industry already frightens people. Meanwhile, refugees arriving from the East now commonly give as one of the reasons for coming West that too many of their colleagues accept Communism, not because they like it, but because things are, in fact, improving, and anyway, most people learn to accept a regime unless it is completely intolerable.

* * *

What about all this talk of neo-Nazism in West Germany now? Revived nationalism of a sort is, of course, inevitable, but the economic and psychological conditions for another Hitler just don't exist. Extreme right-wingers do hold important positions, but they are not today dominant. The question of anti-Semitism – examples of which naturally hit the headlines in the western press today – has again come to the fore because of the new war criminal trials. The Russians, in releasing large numbers of German

prisoners as a result of Adenauer's agreement in Moscow, have sent back some of the worst war criminals, on the understanding that they should be tried by the Germans themselves. Just why they have kept in prison, and did not execute, violent men who killed hundreds of Russian prisoners in cold blood, is an interesting matter for speculation. Maybe it is just bureaucracy; did they execute so many thousand Germans and then merely forget some of the worst criminals? If they deliberately kept these men in cold storage all these years, it was an extremely subtle and wise policy. The trials have for the first time convinced many Germans that these ghastly crimes really took place; hitherto they could always pretend that the Nuremburg Trials were just Allied revenge, and the stories of the tortures and concentration camps much 'exaggerated'. Now even the most sceptical have been horribly shocked. A newspaper editor told me that reports and comments on one bad case produced a number of letters from the anti-Semitic fringe, but the bulk of correspondence came from those who were horrified that anti-Semitism should still exist in the courts.

* * *

If some German judges are still anti-Semitic, that is because in the immediate post-war period the allies could weed out notorious Nazis from most positions, but found special difficulty in replacing Nazi judges and lawyers. Hitler had got rid of most of the decent ones. In the field of education the allies certainly tried hard, but here too they were defeated by the problem of personnel. How could you suddenly get rid of all the Nazi teachers in Germany and find democratic substitutes? The result is that although German education has been drastically changed since the Nazi regime, far too many old-fashioned nationalist teachers have remained. To estimate the result on young Germany as a whole is impossible. Opinion is not yet crystallised. The worst feature is that there is no real political Left. Adenauer has lasted too long and the Social Democrats have not enjoyed a term of office. As it is, Krupps and the old masters of Germany have been able to re-establish themselves in the West and a Defence Minister like Strauss has been able to come to the top. But if you wish to be reassured that there is beneath the surface a left opinion and a fear of rearmament, you have only to mention Strauss's name.

* * *

Amongst boyhood thrills I still recall seeing Bertha Lewis and Henry Lytton do their famous turns in *The Mikado* and *The Gondoliers*. But in the petition which Miss Dorothy Mary Alderley of Oxford has got up to perpetuate Gilbert's copyright, I'm afraid I can see nothing but a classical example of artistic superstition. Sullivan, of course, has already escaped: the profanation of his music on the heathen altars of jazz, rock 'n' roll, cha-cha and TV commercials has been legal since 1950. Nor is there anything to stop anyone writing the words of a complete new operetta exactly fitted to the score of *The Mikado*. Since copyright and performing rights extend to 50 years after death, the D'Oyly Carte monopoly of Gilbert, who died in 1911, has only two more years to run. But the D'Oyly Carte company does not always perpetuate in detail the original conception of the works it performs. Nor, to be fair, does it claim to do so. *Ruddigore* as performed today (so I'm told) incorporates bold musical remodelling by Geoffrey Toye for the 1921 revival. The overture of *The Gondoliers* now ends differently from the published vocal score, and quite a few bits of Gilbert's dialogue are pruned. Of course, there are limits. Phœbe, in Act One of *The Yeomen of the Guard*, may sing in a cell instead of on Tower Green, but the D'Oyly Carte doesn't show Katisha in a motor-car (Berlin, 1927) or follow New York in producing a *Swing Mikado*. The truth is that Gilbert's funny-Victorian part in the operettas will bear some remodelling. How many people can now identify 'Captain Shaw' (of the London Fire Brigade) or say what is meant by a 'parliamentary train'? The D'Oyly Carte company has replaced

> [Who] pinches her figure
> is blacked like a nigger
> With permanent walnut juice.

by

> [Who] pinches her figure
> Is painted with vigour
> And permanent walnut juice.

'This,' as one expert remarks, 'is a step in the right direction, leaving only about 999 steps to go.' He adds that the success of the D'Oyly Carte's visit to America, where it enjoys no monopoly, suggests that it will also flourish under competition at home. Even the Authorised Version has had to be Revised.

* * *

Last Monday Barbara Castle, who had promised to take part in a debate on Nyasaland organised by Guy's Hospital Debating Society, learnt that the whole affair was cancelled because each of 32 Conservative MPs, who had been asked to speak on the other side, had refused. Was this evidence of a Tory revolt? I don't think so. Mrs Castle afterwards heard that a leader of the Conservative students at Guy's, who had notified his intention of speaking in the debate, had received a personal letter from Tory headquarters, forbidding him to do so. I have not heard whether a general interdict against debating on Nyasaland has been issued in the Conservative Party, but it is true that Tory headquarters were not very helpful when asked to find a speaker.

* * *

Surprisingly little notice has been taken of the intelligent American decision to give a large earth satellite to the international Committee for Space Research. This committee was set up last year, and the Russians are well represented on it. The Americans will provide the satellite and the rocket-carrier, and will be responsible for launching it. But the scientists on the committee can decide what experiments should be carried out, and design whatever instruments are needed. This sounds like the first real step towards international co-operation in space exploration, and I hope good use will be made of the opportunity. Much depends on the British scientists, who have thought a good deal about the use of satellites. But many of them, I gather, would prefer to concentrate on an all-British satellite, launched by the 'Bluestreak' rocket. I hope they will not play dog-in-the-manger.

* * *

I suppose Commander Hawkes was never likely to convince the Transport Tribunal last week that standing second-class ticket holders ought to be allowed to sit in empty first-class seats, but it was a valiant try. The railways have always run their seating arrangements on the lottery principle: you buy only a share in the scramble for seats. If you have to stand – well, you must be a good loser, even though, to take their own false analogy, you have a pit ticket and there are empty stalls. I always get a second-class ticket, travel first if I don't draw a seat, and pay up if the inspector comes along. That way I get some reading done on the journey. I do not recommend the example of the man who used to lurk in the first-class corridors until someone went into the toilet at the far end, then hurry along, rap on the door, and shout 'tickets please'. If a bashful hand came round the door proffering a first-class ticket, he grabbed it and went off to look for a vacant first-class seat in another coach. Since his problem was to ensure that his victim was in no condition to come out and run after him, the timing was all-important.

CRITIC

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This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Sir Kenneth Peppiatt, who resigned as a Bank of England director in 1957, has paid a heavy penalty for becoming a director of Coutts.

He has had to remove his fine dark moustache, the product of more than 30 years' careful cultivation. I am told his sense of bereavement is acute.

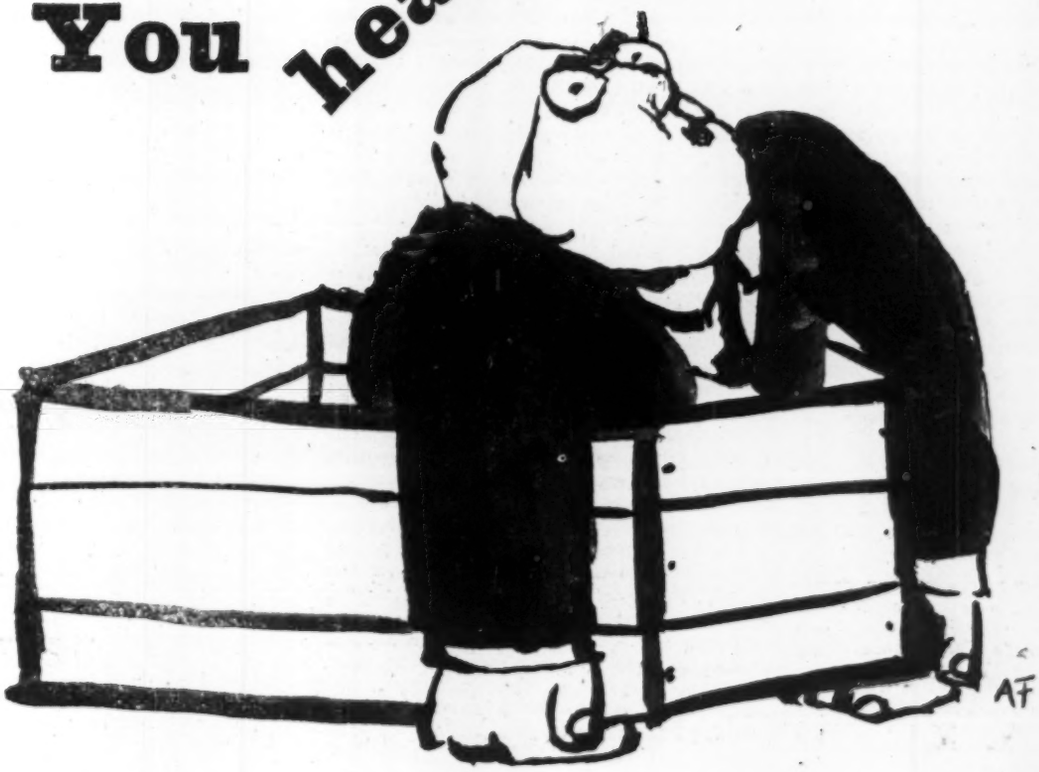
For Coutts's rule that everybody from chairman to doorman must be clean-shaven is inflexible.—*Daily Telegraph*. (A. MacPhail.)

Taunton, Somerset, magistrates saw a preview of the colour film *Nudist Paradise* on their own yesterday. As a result they decided it must not be shown on Sunday, but could be screened for the rest of the week.—*Daily Express*. (A. Graham.)

He was at one time MP for Maryhill. Right up to the end he never lost his wonderful way with animals, and was the only MP who could lie on his back with an elephant's foot on his chest, or sit beside a lion with his arm round its neck.—*Plebs*. (P. Jones.)

I am an *Oh Boy!* fan, but I am disappointed that a full-length shot of the performing artist is rarely shown. My friends and I feel we are not getting the full benefit unless we see *all* the wiggle.—*Letter in TV Times*. (S. Macpherson.)

You heave ho!



Q: *What do with drunken sailor?*

Simple! Scuppers. Hose-pipe on him. Long boat till sober. Never fails.

Q: *What do with sand, gravel, rock, rubbish, ready-mixed concrete, aggregate, ballast, tarmac, clinkers, coal, cobblestones, beach boulders, etc. etc.? How carry? How unload? No answer? . . . Come, now.*

Know answer! Telehoist tippers. Trucks long, short, trucks squat, lorries, dumpers, transporters, all fitted Telehoist tipping gear. Full marks.

Days of yore, brute force, muddy ignorance. Shovels and sweat. Swear-words. Nowadays, Telehoist. You pull lever. Way, hey, *up* she rises . . . . .

Telehoist tipping telequipment. Telelevers. Teleloaders. Highly telefficient. Sturdily teletechnical. Links . . . Scow ends . . . Telescopic rams (think of that!) . . .

Telehoist Limited one of the Wilmot Breeden companies? Correct. How did you guess?

WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham:
also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto.

Dinner with Grace

It was nearly nine o'clock by the time I arrived for my dinner appointment with Grace Kahumbe, and I felt conscience-stricken as we drove up to her house in the soft darkness of the Nyasaland night. But if she was distressed at the fact that her cooking had been spoiling for two hours, she showed no sign of it. From the verandah on which she greeted us with shy smiles came scuffling noises, and I saw shadowy figures waiting in the darkness – guests who had already arrived for our after-dinner conference in her home. They settled down to wait patiently as Grace, ignoring them, ushered us into her house. Pride radiated from her square little face as my guide, Wellington Manoa Chirwa, then one of the Nyasaland members of the federal parliament, explained to me that she was one of the few Africans in the territory to be allotted a European-style house, appropriate to a European in her grade.

But then Grace is one of the showpieces of Nyasaland. Trained at Bath, where she gained her Teacher's Education Diploma in domestic science, she is only the second African woman in the territory to qualify as a fully certificated teacher and is employed in the Women's Teacher Training College run by the Church of Scotland at Blantyre. I had seen her several times in the mission grounds, hurrying to a service, prayer book in hand, or passing between the college and her home. A devout, unobtrusive little figure, she had not symbolised emancipation in any obvious way.

I apologised for our lateness, explaining that my crowded day of official visits had culminated in a reception at the Ndirande Club, at which my African hosts had kept me for two hours beyond my scheduled time while they joyously and vociferously demolished all my arguments against Nyasaland's secession from the Federation. To Grace all this seemed natural enough, and my protestations seemed clumsy in contrast to her uncomplaining courtesy. My fellow feeling for her was strong as I saw the care with which she had prepared for us and thought how angry I should have been in her place. But her poise as a hostess was unshaken as she disappeared into the kitchen to rescue her meal from its long wait. We sat round a table set out in best Bath style, with glasses, cutlery and fretwork plastic mats ranged round the centrepiece of an egg-cup filled with flowers. And Grace, presiding at the head, was soon glistening with joy as I praised the excellence of her soup and lamb chops, supported by approving noises from her two male guests.

After dinner the figures on the verandah – about a dozen of them – filed into the sitting room and ranged themselves round the walls – teachers from the mission, civil servants, a trade union organiser. Any hope I had left of a quiet doze after a large meal and a tiring day was soon dispelled as Grace served coffee with a purposeful air and the men drew up their chairs to bombard me with questions. I talked about 'partnership', they said, but didn't I know that a colour bar was practised in the very heart of this British protectorate? And not only on private premises, but officially. The government group hospital, for instance, in Blantyre had separate out-patients' departments for Europeans and non-Europeans, separate wards and even different sheets for black and white.

The African was always being told he could have equality when he was 'civilised'; yet no African civil servant could ever draw more than four-fifths of the pay of a European of the same grade. The authorities justified this on the grounds that 'expatriates' needed inducement to come out there; yet the higher pay was given automatically to all whites, even if they had been born and bred in Nyasaland. Why wasn't more done for African education? Children wanting to pass from the junior primary school at Standard III had to pass an entrance examination to the senior primary school. The number who passed was governed by the number of places available – and there weren't even enough night schools for those who were left behind. Here Grace chipped in to complain that, although there was a severe shortage of qualified teachers, her teacher's training college had to turn away applicants: only 36 had been accepted out of the hundred available that year. The mission's plea to be allowed to have double stream entry into the college had been turned down on the grounds of economy. I soon realised that, under her quiet exterior, Grace was as knowledgeable and determined as the rest.

All this took place 15 months ago. Now a state of emergency has been declared in Nyasaland, and I do not know how many of the keen young men who talked to me that night have been detained. From the news trickling out it seems clear that the security officers have made serious inroads into the mission staff. They have arrested Mr Chokani, headmaster of the mission's junior secondary school and another African graduate member of its staff. They have arrested Mrs Rubadiri, Grace's colleague at the Women's Teacher Training College, and her husband, a government education officer; these have been rounded up, leaving a young baby to a stranger's care. Association with the mission, far from being any protection for the Africans, seems to have proved just the opposite. In fact, as one of the missionaries explained to me, the security officers have always regarded the Church of Scotland and all its works with a suspicious eye. My visit to the mission, for example, did not go unnoticed; and, shortly after my departure, the security officers turned up in force to find out what I had been about.

These gentlemen are not notable for their subtlety. I got to know one of them, a Mr Mushet, quite well during my tour. He first appeared when I was entertaining Mr and Mrs Wellington Chirwa to dinner at Ryall's Hotel in Blantyre, among the stares and whispers of the white residents. Mr Chirwa spotted him sitting, all innocence, a few tables away and impishly suggested we should ask him to give us a lift as he would probably be with us for the evening anyway. So we took the embarrassed Mr Mushet along with us to the house of an Indian friend, where he sat making sympathetic noises while our host grew eloquent about why he found the Federation so intolerable.

It is on the information of security officers like these that Nyasaland Africans are now being rounded up. For years they have watched with an eagle eye for any extravagant demonstrations of racial partnership. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Church of Scotland should be under fire. The rumour is being spread that its missions are centres of anti-white sedition. But it was not until a few days ago that I really understood why. A young missionary, home on leave, explained it to me. 'This year,' he pointed out, 'our African synods become self-governing. The Church of Scotland has handed everything over to them. In fact, we no longer have missions out there, but centres of the Church of Central Africa, Presbyterian, to which Europeans are transferring their membership. When I get back I shall become a minister of the African church. This means that I, along with all the other Europeans in the church – teachers, doctors and ministers – shall come under the control of a synod which has an African majority. My salary will be paid by the Church of Scotland, but my work and where I do it will be decided locally.

'In Blantyre, for instance, there are 65 members of the synod and 58 of them are African. In future they will control our work; and, now that the paternal control from overseas is gone, they want to keep us there as equals. In fact, it is the Africans who are giving us a lead in 'partnership'. This new system has already been working successfully in education for over three years. At Livingstonia, for instance, we have the Overtoun Institution – with a secondary school, a teachers' training college, an apprenticeship training centre, a cottage hospital and, of course, a church. The synod, with the full approval, and indeed encouragement, of the church at home, has just appointed an African to be the head of it.

'Of course, we must seem seditious, for at every opportunity we promote Africans. We are the first people in Nyasaland to appoint an African as headmaster of a secondary school. Then again, the managers of our schools are all Africans; everywhere else they are Europeans. Each manager supervises a hundred schools,' he explained. 'They handle all the finances. In all the months they have been doing this there has never been a penny unaccounted for.'

He paused and smiled. 'Yes,' he added thoughtfully, 'I can see now why the authorities dislike us so much. You see, within our own sphere we have given the African complete self-government. And the trouble is that it has worked.'

BARBARA CASTLE

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I have always been interested in the Middle Ages but never remember, in a modern novel, feeling their essence to have been so brilliantly captured, with so true a sense of proportion as between the bright and the dark.

Mary Renault

BODLEY HEAD

Little Arthur

THE quiet little man in the dark blue suit could pass, perhaps, as a lay preacher up from Wales, or an insurance man in from the suburbs. But, at first sight, no one would take Arthur Lewis Horner for a professional agitator. At the end of this month he retires as secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers – a post he has held for nearly 13 years. Before that, he was a tenant of Wormwood Scrubs and Carmarthen Jail, a foundation member of the Communist Party, and, according to an American congressional committee, 'one of the 506 ruthless directors of the Communist offensive in Europe and the Orient'.

The paradox goes deeper than appearances. For years people have joked about the contrast between Mr Horner and Comrade Horner, between the general secretary of the miners' union and the party member who, for all his doubts, has dutifully tagged along with the King Street clique. And the joke has a bitter taste, for it is this double role that has made Horner a pathetic figure, for all his achievements. Because he is a Communist, the trade union movement has denied him its highest offices: because his first loyalty is to the British working-class, he has never been able to become a cynically successful functionary in the Communist apparatus. In both of the worlds in which he lives he has been the talented outsider, used by others for their own ends but always excluded from the seat of power himself, and always in trouble for unorthodoxy. The most unhappy moment of his life, perhaps, came in late 1948, when he supported a mining strike in France, called by the Communists to protest against the Marshall Plan. After a public row, Horner's opponents in the NUM officially repudiated him, making it plain 'that a recurrence of such conduct will not be tolerated'.

In private conversation, Horner will agree that he has paid a stiff price for his loyalty to the Communist Party. Over and over again he has been humiliated by much less able trade union colleagues – every year they have given an obscure official the place on the General Council that by rights should have gone to Horner – and by fellow-Communists who made it clear that they tolerated his 'instability' solely because he is the only important union leader they have left. His successor, Will Paynter, is also a Communist, but of a much more orthodox stamp, who has yet to be tested by such a conflict of loyalties.

Horner is a man with personal weaknesses, but he has found the strength to survive the tensions of this double life in his deep conviction that Socialism is the best solution and that the Communist Party, with all the faults he will concede, 'is the only instrument through which it can ultimately be realised'. That faith explains why he still belongs to the party: to leave it would be to commit the cardinal sin and become, as he puts it, 'a cheap renegade'. When friends have asked him why he remains a Communist – he was twice offered a top job in the Coal Board if he would surrender his party card – he simply replies: 'I couldn't tolerate the scorn and contempt of my old comrades, and I should resent so bitterly the scepticism of my new comrades as to whether my conversion was genuine'. The Communist Party leaders would now like to have him back on their executive committee. But Horner has declined the offer: he prefers a sea-trip to visit his daughter in Australia.

The main reason for the failure of the Communist Party in Britain is that it was organised for the revolution that never happened: all that came after, including its surrender to Stalinism, followed from the impossible attempt to square reformist practice with revolutionary intent. Horner, personally, has managed to live with that contradiction because the miners recognised that they could accept his services without endorsing his opinions.

Horner comes from a classical vintage. His father, one of the men who had brought Keir Hardie to win Merthyr, was a railwayman who ran the local Co-op from the front parlour. Arthur himself turned first to the chapel: in the Church of Christ in Merthyr he was known as the boy-preacher. Nonconformity gave him the vision of the New Jerusalem, and syndicalism then seemed the way to build it. In 1912, the wave of direct action in the coalfields found its expression in *The Miners' Next Step;* after Taff Vale, when the unions were told that they could not give financial support to the Labour Party, the men had turned to leaders like Noah Ablett, A. J. Cook, and – more distantly – to Big Jim Larkin and James Connolly. By the time war broke out, Horner was in the revolutionary wing of the ILP, and black-listed in Merthyr. He moved over to Mardy, getting a job on the night-shift under the name of 'Arthur Jones'. He was already in trouble, for agitating against bad conditions, and for objecting to military service in an imperialist war.

In 1917, he disappeared for several months. It is known that he was in Ireland, using the name of Jack O'Brien, and that he was helping members of Connolly's Citizen Army who were on the run after the Easter Rising. It was enough for the police, who picked him up at Holyhead, when he came back to England to see his first child, on charges of carrying seditious literature – one volume was Mill's *Liberty* – and evading military service. Prison and a military glasshouse followed; he was released when the men at Mardy elected him checkweighman, but he was too weak to work for some time, and he has suffered ever since from poor health.

Mardy, known as 'Little Moscow', had a tradition of rebellion. (A few years later, the miners lodge was expelled from the South Wales Miners Federation – and Horner, as its leading member, was technically not a member of the SWMF in 1933 when he was first elected to its executive.) In 1921 and 1926, when Horner led the Mardy men in the great mining strikes, he was one of the most effective rank-and-file leaders in South Wales, and these talents had won him a place on the central committee of the CP, and on its politbureau. They also earned him two more jail sentences – for calling out the safety men in a strike and for organising a squad to put back the furniture of miners evicted by the colliery owners. He was arrested for the second offence after he returned from one of many trips to the Soviet Union, and the police inspector who gave evidence clearly regarded him as a dangerous agitator. 'He pays frequent visits to Russia and the source of his income is not known. It is only presumed that he is well paid by Russia for his efforts to destroy the peace of this country. Prior to his advent, Mardy was a prosperous industrial mining district with the majority of the men earning £9 a week. Now the place is practically derelict. The fact that he secured 10,000 votes' – a reference to Horner's poll as Communist candidate for East Rhondda in 1931 – 'appears to have inspired him to continue his activities in the wrong direction.'

By this time, however, Horner was in trouble with his party as well as the police. He had, in fact, gone to Moscow for the Comintern's decision on his case. In 1929, the party line had been to build on the unemployed as a mass revolutionary force. Horner had argued that the unemployed had no power – they could demonstrate but not strike. This was the period of 'class against class', when the Comintern was pushing the Red International of Labour Unions as an 'alternative' to the 'social-fascist' line of the TUC. Horner did not believe in this sectarian attitude, and his opposition to the Moscow line got him into trouble, in King Street and in the Comintern. In March 1931 the British politbureau issued its indictment. 'His opposition to the line, his lack of faith in the masses, his failure to understand the depth of the capitalist crisis and the prospects of revolutionary struggle, his cowardly retreat before the bureaucracy, his anarchistic flouting of Communist discipline, stamp him as the most outspoken champion of opportunism within the party'. Similar complaints over the years do not seem to have greatly troubled him: on one occasion Stalin is said to have remarked: 'For the time being we regard Hornerism as an authorised orthodox deviation'. He has been too valuable for that dispensation ever to have been revoked, even when he took a critical line at the time of the Hungarian revolution and, early last year, when he said of the execution of Imre Nagy: 'It's horrifying, I can't keep quiet any longer. I've just got to tell people what I think of it'.

Still, Horner's relations with the CP, however fascinating, are trivial. His work for the miners, and, from the moment that the war created a coal crisis, for the industry, has been his real achievement. After 1936, when he succeeded Jim Griffiths as president of the South Wales miners, and in his years as secretary of the Mineworkers' Union, Horner has proved that no more able man has come out of the Welsh valleys. In 1939, the *News Chronicle* wrote of him, that 'no man has done more for peace in the industry or for the miners than Mr Arthur Horner – not by giving away a good case when he has one, but by negotiating terms realistically and so avoiding deadlocks, breakdowns and strikes'. He played an important part during the war, as the union's production officer, in getting more coal from dying pits with fewer miners. Then, after nationalisation, Horner became secretary of the NUM, successfully piloting the miners through the tricky adjustment to public ownership. Soon after, and before the 1947 fuel crisis broke, he was giving specific warnings of a serious coal shortage. Shinwell praised him; Morrison wanted him on the Coal Board; its present chairman, Sir James Bowman, spoke of him last year as a 'fearless champion of human dignity . . . the friendliest and most kindly of men'. Industrial correspondents, shrewd judges of union bureaucrats, rate him among the most capable negotiators of this century, and like him personally. One said of him that, unlike some union leaders, 'Arthur pays his corner when he's drinking'.

Today, as Arthur Horner finishes the job that 'Arthur Jones' began long ago on the night-shift in Mardy, he still thinks of the miners' next step – a seven-hour day for the face men, a 40-hour week on the surface, three weeks paid holiday, six weeks on full wages for sick miners. Ten years ago, he used a phrase in a speech which can serve as the text for his life. 'Work,' he said. 'is the great redeemer.'

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The Prince and I

It was quite some time ago, and my affair with Gloria had broken up. One of those long gaps had started when nothing happens, plans collapse, flowers wilt. I had known Gloria too long – she was beginning to block my horizon. London was suddenly very bleak, and I took the train every morning to Metroland, where I worked for Olympic Films. I sat in a panelled office, smoking cigarettes, and I used to wander out into a sort of park and feed the swans, which were vaguely under contract to Olympic Films but had been forgotten. Then I visited the various sets looking for girls. Originally, some months before, I had been very keen on my work and had sent in detailed synopses, but as time went on I sank into apathy. All the staff working in the administration of Olympic Films were either peers or baronets, and I was the only member of the script department without a title or the prospect of one. The head of the scenario department, a renegade peer from Ireland, simply filed all my synopses and then buried them in a backroom. The only constructive script work which led to actual films being made was conducted in West End restaurants, stacked with champagne and connections, a sort of central European *Mafia*.

One day I was ambling about the sets when I met a girl called Rose Varden. She was a starlet, but with a pugnacious character, a very loud laugh and an Oriental slant to her eyes. Anyone who works in any official capacity at a film studio, even if he is only sweeping up the cutting-room floors, has easy access to film-stars and directors, possible because he might be somebody's brother, or because of superstition, or because he might be going to photograph them. Rose was no exception, although she had a spontaneous nature, and she had an idea, possibly, that I knew somebody who knew somebody who was somebody's cousin who could give her a short cut to success. At the time I met her she was playing a small part in a film about London night life, produced by a Pole, written by an American and directed by an aged Rumanian, who was wheeled around the set in a push-chair. I spent an hour in her dressing room watching her make up and growing dizzy in an orgy of expensive scent. Finally I made a date with her for the following week.

A month later, arriving at work at the studios, I was met by my chief. There were tears in his eyes.

'What's wrong?' I asked.

'We've all got the sack,' he said.

'All of us?' I cried.

'Nearly all of us,' he said. 'All the peers and the reception committee and the gardeners and the whole of the scenario department. A week's notice. Some terrible accountant has marched in; somebody without the slightest understanding of art or the creative instinct.'

I strolled out and walked mechanically over to the Swan Lake. But even the birds had been discovered by the accountant and sacked. I hung around for the rest of the week, visiting the sets, but without enthusiasm. Rose was on my mind. In the evenings I packed my belongings and made arrangements to leave my flat in Hampstead and look for somewhere cheap to live. Eventually I found an attic room near Royal Oak. It was the saddest place I had ever seen – grey sky wormed through the horizontal window, trains panted and wheezed and shrieked through ruined stations. It was an island of eternal spinsters and their medical students. My only oasis of happiness was Friday, which was my day with Rose, when I visited her flat and she cooked me quite delicate meals and we discussed the rat which had come in to share my attic. Not that Rose approved of the rat or the attic or my way of life, or my lack of application to the rules of success. But, at this point, she felt rather protective and the roads of the world were still young and free and long.

One day I actually managed to secure a job with a documentary film unit, thanks to an absent-minded producer who had met me a few months before at Olympic Films and had mistaken me for a director. The pay was extremely low, and for a beginning I was employed in writing titles for short films about wild animals in African nature reserves. I never discovered the destination of these films. 'Make the titles simple,' said the producer, 'they're for children.' Then I was asked to re-constitute a two-reel film about telephones. This went to my head. I was determined to impress Rose. I hired jazzy quartets, a drummer and play-backs of Elizabethan folk-songs. I went out into the country and took upside-down shots of trees. I raked the film library for shots of washing on the line, seagulls, fields of waving corn and newspapers blowing down the street. 'Remember the film is about telephones,' said the producer, 'but I'm sure you know what you're about.'

The next time I saw Rose I told her about my job. 'I'm making a small film,' I said.

'*Making* one,' said Rose. (I could see that she was impressed); 'What's it about?'

'As a matter of fact it's about telephones' I said.

She repeated 'telephones' and burst into that loud riotous laugh which hardly seemed to belong to a starlet at all. I was annoyed because I was privately touchy about the whole business myself, and I started a long argument in defence of the GPO, elaborating the possibilities for artistic expression in a medium which used telephones, telegrams, call boxes and *postes restantes*. 'Pure

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drama,' I said. I am sorry I started it. I am not good at that sort of argument, because I hardly believe in anything, let alone telephones; and I could feel Rose's interest in me ebbing away. I left her flat with a certain amount of cold feeling and an awareness that the half of the world which is dreams had vanished into the damp autumn air, leaving me with my attic, my rat, the lost trains and a telephone film.

After I had completed the film I showed it to the producer. He groaned heavily, put his head in his hands and finally stumbled out of the projection room. A week later I was given the sack. The following Friday I went to see Rose and told her the truth and I was surprised that she didn't give one of her terrible laughs, she just looked at me sadly and wisely and held my hand. 'I'm afraid that films aren't your *métier*,' she said. 'Possibly not,' I said. The other half of my world suddenly began to glow in brilliant colours. But a few hours later we were quarrelling again.

The next week I was given an introduction to a man who ran a film company called Vision Productions, Ltd. He was someone of enormous imagination and charm, and his office was crammed with roses and bottles of champagne. There was even a small Picasso on the wall. His name was Prince Emilio Pizzamonte and he came from an old Roman family. He was generous with his money, we spent weeks together in smart restaurants discussing the making of a film about dreams. All the conversations, however, ended with confidences about women.

One day he told me he was trying to discard his mistress. 'It's a very delicate business,' he said, eyeing me through his monocle. 'I terribly dislike hurting women and I have to do this very gently.' He then gave me such a shining picture of the woman that I became intrigued, and when we met the next day, he enlarged on the theme.

'What about going to see her?' he said. 'I think you two would get on very well, as a matter of fact.'

I hesitated. I had quarrelled with Rose, but there was still a slender link of gold which fastened me to her—I could almost touch it with my fingers. 'All right,' I said.

'To tell you the truth,' continued the Prince, 'I'm really rather lonely at the moment. Do you think you could help me to find a new friend?' The monocle dropped out of his eye and I was amazed to see a genuine tear.

After half-an-hour's conversation, I agreed and rang up Rose. We had a party in the office the same evening, and when I saw Rose and the Prince together (he actually toasted her in champagne out of her own slipper), I felt a dull pang of regret. The next day I made haste to visit the Prince's discarded lady at her Kensington address. I took a bunch of carnations I had removed from one of the Prince's office vases. But when the door opened, I stood staring in front of me stupidly.

'Hullo,' she said.

'Hullo, Gloria,' I said.

'You never brought me flowers before,' she said.

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Rhetoric of Acting

THE cause of our National Theatre will not, I am afraid, be much helped by the appearance of the Comédie Française at the Princes Theatre. The Comédie Française is the national theatre to end all national theatres. It is the oldest in the world: it got its name in 1680; the original troupe has been traced back to 1402. It has had the same home, at the Palais Royal, since 1792, and hence knows all the security of long establishment and state care. Even Napoleon took time off in Moscow in 1812 to codify its statutes. At some time or another, nearly every major French actor has been associated with the company. As the perceptive reader will by now have gathered, it even gets space in most good encyclopædias. It is, in short, one of the great landmarks on the French cultural scene. The actor-managers and fashionable playwrights come and go but the Comédie Française goes on for ever. It survived the French Revolution and the German Occupation. It will, no doubt, survive its present season.

It owes its resilience to the simple fact that it is perhaps the most polished theatrical company in the world. Its members have made acting into the finest of fine arts. Every smallest movement of the hand, every batting of an eyelid seem to have been taken into account, rehearsed and rehearsed again. They have a whole language of gesture that can give grace and dignity to the most trivial nonsense. When Messieurs Robert Hirsch and Jacques Charon blow their noses, they make their handkerchiefs perform arabesques that would have gladdened Nijinsky. The actors of the Comédie Française, in fact, are great masters of a kind of rhetoric of acting which transforms style into a power to itself, to be cultivated and admired quite apart from the content.

Perhaps they could hardly have done otherwise. Classical French drama is formal, solemn, almost abstract, like the language itself. In Racine, Corneille and Molière you see the depths only through minute chinks in the armour of manners and style, where in Shakespeare the more profound the emotion the simpler is his language and the more it overrides all formal restrictions. In English rhetoric is a substitute for intelligence, while in French it is the most persuasive and serious medium. After all, it's one of the rules of lifemanship that you can get away with any platitude provided you translate it into French.

All this may seem a long way from Feydeau, but I am trying to think of some reason why the Comédie Française picked *Le Dindon* to open its London season. It is as though our own hypothetical National Theatre had taken to Paris some tired old farce by Ben Travers. For *Le Dindon* is an absolutely conventional piece of boulevard knock-about, where the only criterion is the number of characters the author can keep going in his endless game of musical beds (quite literally: one of them is wired for sound with a couple of expressive electric bells). Between them, Feydeau and the Comédie Française have managed to make a rhetoric even out of adultery.

The basic ingredients are two couples, AB, CD, and a spare admirer E. C and E are after B who, for some unexplained eccentricity, will be faithful to her husband as long as he is faithful to her. Enter from England another couple, FG. A has had a brief liaison with G while on a business trip in London. Mix all these together in a hotel bedroom, adding one *cocotte*, whom E picks up, a cavalry doctor and his deaf wife and a sprinkling of salty domestics. Allow the misunderstandings to simmer for a further act, during which B and D try to take their revenge by offering themselves to E. They are foiled because, after a night with the *cocotte*, E finds that, in the words of the poet,

> No dalliance nor provocation
> That weak opiniator part could raise.

Serve up a final reconciliation, and behold C, the *Dindon*, is cooked to a turn.

In outline the play could hardly be more tedious. Yet the actors perform miracles with it. M. Hirsch, a metropolitan and faintly hysterical Charlie Chaplin, flips his legs around as elegantly as his handkerchief, and M. Charon's huge gloved hands are a good deal more expressive than the dialogue. The women are less easily distinguishable: they all have the same swaying elegance, tiny waists and bird-like balancing of the head, like so many fretful Coppelias. Of the three young ones Mlle Denise Noel, as an Englishwoman on the rampage, is the most energetic, and Mlle Micheline Boudet, the faithful wife, the most graceful. But the success of the evening is M. Meyer who, as the innocent husband, combines a certain unexpected geniality with his elegance. He has also directed the play at a remorseless pace: but with less speed *Le Dindon* would have been unendurable.

So for the most part, it's funny enough. But like all fun and games with l'Amour, by the third act a terrible weariness sets in. I am sure that if Feydeau had written the thing in 1956 instead of 1896 the Comédie Française would not have dreamt of exporting it as a national exhibit. But the question is, why, date or no date, has a 'people's theatre' lavished such time and care on this kind of triviality?

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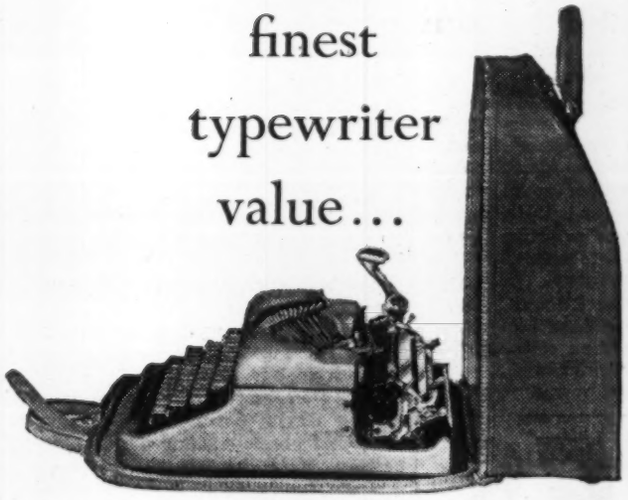

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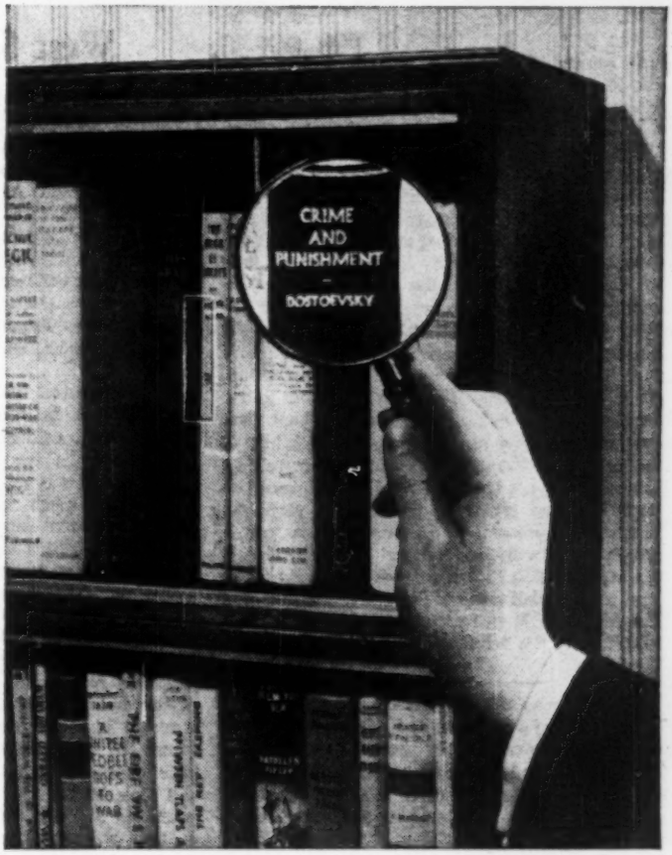

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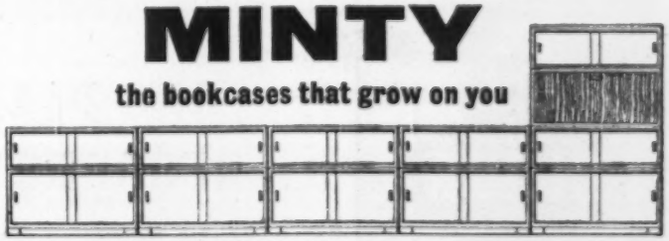

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One answer, I suppose, is that France, in its present shaky political state, is more intent on being reminded of what it was than what it is now. Perhaps the naughty Nineties were the intensest moment of French glory. If so, adultery is, in its way, an expression of national prestige.

The other answer lies simply in the cult of acting for its own sake. Feydeau was rediscovered by Jean-Louis Barrault, and M. Barrault, of course, is the great exponent of pure style in acting. His genius is for mime; even when he speaks, he makes the words hardly matter. Perhaps then the Comédie Française has taken up Feydeau because it, too, is more interested in the art of acting than in living drama. For it is now *La Maison de Molière* in name only. It is the group of actors which has become a cultural institution, not a body of work. The press handout states roundly that the company 'has always kept alive a varied Repertoire representing all that is best in the history of French Dramatic Literature'. *Le Dindon*? Musset's *Un Caprice*? *Les Fourberies de Scapin*? Those are three of the four plays the company is presenting in London this year – though admittedly, the other is *Les Femmes Savantes*. On this showing the Comédie Française is no more a vital cultural force than the Imperial War Museum. It is, instead, merely a permanent exhibition of the art of acting.

A. ALVAREZ

Recent books on the French theatre include *The Theatre of Marivaux*, by Kenneth M. McKee, with an appreciation by Jean-Louis Barrault (Owen, 35s.), and *Contemporary French Theatre*, by Joseph Chiari (Barrie & Rockliff, 32s. 6d.), dealing with the various schools of modern drama and with, among others, Claudel, Cocteau, Giraudoux, Sartre, Anouilh and Montherlant.

West Side Music

West Side Story is the latest of numerous Broadway shows of the past 30 years to have been acclaimed as a sign that 'the American Musical has come of age at last'. There are many reasons why the American Musical has done nothing of the sort, compared to its European ancestors. Its apparent accessions of maturity, notably in Gershwin's trilogy of political satires, are in fact unrelated to the general tendency, which remains stunted in adolescence. Music is one of its most important and least noticed inhibitions. In short, the Musical tends to be unmusical.

Purely musical values have not played an essential part in American stage history since commercial considerations invaded the field of light music. In the days of Victor Herbert, a feeble 'book' was tolerated so long as the music had positive merit. Now, with the industrialisation of popular music, the composer is only required to feed a standardised component into a greatly slicked-up production machinery. For a while, non-conformity became virtually impossible, and the individualist was either hounded off the market as a 'highbrow', or forced to conform. Gershwin himself fell under the gravest suspicion in the late thirties, and was driven to extraordinary lengths in order to prove that he was still 'in the business'. Lesser talents naturally found the situation more congenial, and with a little cunning, composers like Richard Rodgers and Cole Porter and Vernon Duke have always contrived to maintain a modicum of musical invention within the prescribed framework.

It is scarcely surprising that popular music has failed to develop qualitatively or historically during the past 30 years. It still employs a harmonic style derived at second-hand from Debussy and the late romantics by way of Tin-Pan-Alley textbooks. The flight of discriminating musical opinion from the popular musical theatre in the past few decades has, if anything, contributed to the worsening of the situation. There is little hope of better things for a public which is not encouraged to discriminate between, say, the musical nulliy of a *Pajama Game*, the derivative smartness of a *My Fair Lady*, and the genuine vitality of the best parts of *West Side Story*.

I say 'the best parts' of *West Side Story* because in this, as in Leonard Bernstein's previous Broadway scores, the total effect is very mixed. On the one hand the show promises more for the musical future of Broadway than anything since Gershwin. On the other hand, it makes yet another dangerous compromise with the demands of the Broadway-Hollywood *Kitsch* combine. From the musical point of view, both the promise and the compromise have scarcely been noticed. What, then, do we find in this score?

First, a powerful negative virtue: the almost complete rejection of the sterile harmonic conventions of commercial music. The viscous progressions and slushy suspensions peculiar to the *genre* have been purged from the music. 'Maria', the weakest song in the score, only just avoids disaster, and 'I had a love' has a perilous brush with the cliché harmony of the added sixth. Otherwise, the harmonic style is thoroughly alive in the best parts, and merely innocuous in the worst (such as the Fairladylike 'I feel pretty'). Some tricks borrowed from the moderately fresh convention of Modern Jazz are harmless enough.

Positively, the music reaches a long-awaited milestone on the commercial road by taking into account certain developments in diatonic harmony and phrase-building during the past half-century. Here lies one possible cure for the creeping paralysis which maims popular music today. The influences of Stravinsky and Copland are pervasive throughout the score. They arise quite naturally from Bernstein's experience as a concert composer, and in no way resemble 'up-to-date' gimmicks. Indeed, the long lines and unforced modulations of the best songs in *West Side Story* compare very favourably with Copland's lighter music.

The slow waltz 'One Hand, One Heart' has equally powerful non-commercial associations. It is the direct outcome of the 'Tempo di Gymnopédie' in Bernstein's one-act opera *Trouble in Tahiti*, and this in turn goes back to Satie by way of the *Gymnopédie*-like movements in Copland's *Our Town* and Clarinet Concerto. The background is further enriched by contact with the Stravinsky of *The Rake's Progress* – the introduction to the song distantly echoes Baba's Aria 'I shall go back' in Act 3 of *The Rake*, and the song itself brings back memories of the final duet of Anne and Trulove. This is not to say the song is derivative – only that it is a token of Bernstein's intelligent eclecticism.

The more knowing of the critics have neatly belittled Bernstein by comparing his lyrical invention with that of Menotti – a comparison which led me to investigate whether Menotti's music is better than I had supposed. It isn't. 'Tonight', the hit-number in *West Side Story* certainly draws a broad line which might be described as Italianate; but the actual melodic shape of its main motive is very much in the post-Copland tradition.

The comparison with Menotti is closer to the truth with regard to the love-song 'Maria'. But the harmony comes to the rescue, and if heard in its musical context, even the weakness of the tune itself tells us something rewarding about the com-

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poser's methods. For 'Maria' is only one facet of a *sustained process of musical variation*. A three-note figure, involving the tonic, the sharpened fourth, and the dominant, generates all the important music in *West Side Story*. This figure is continually and often subtly at work, from the opening Jet Song (which makes a savage little harmonic pun on its main melodic feature) to the final chord of the work – an unresolved dissonance that is justified both musically and dramatically.

By and large, the lyrical and positive elements in the music are very much stronger than the corresponding elements in the drama. The music's compromise with *Kitsch* does not lie here, where one might expect it, but rather in the violent 'action' music of the Dance and the gang-warfare. Just as the play tends to make capital (box office capital at that) out of the violence it is supposed to deplore, so does the music cheaply identify itself with violence instead of commenting on it. Apart from the contrapuntal centrepiece of 'Cool', the 'aggressive' music in *West Side Story* is quite without any musical merit. The orchestration does not help. Whatever the Marquis de Sade may have thought, the infliction of physical pain is not a valid means of artistic expression.

A warning, then, for those who care for music: they will not always find it in *West Side Story*. Even when they do, the conducting of an excellent musician, Mr Lawrence Leonard, cannot alone overcome the musical crudities of the performance. Few of the singers have much feeling for the shape of a phrase or the 'placing' of a note, and Mr Leonard's lively tempi are sometimes too lively for them (and for the music). Miss Chita Rivera, as Anita, scores the most notable successes.

None the less, a certain amount of creative truth undoubtedly emerges from the show. Together with a characteristically adolescent preoccupation with the third-rate, there is also a youthful, excited recognition of things that really matter. Because this infects the music as much as the drama, the total organism is healthier than it is in a much more polished show like *My Fair Lady*. For once, success may prove a stimulus to development, rather than the reverse. Bernstein is a better composer than he often allows himself to be in *West Side Story*. He has the talent, in good measure; what he needs now is more of the courage which led him to compose the very un-Broadwayish final pages of *West Side Story*. Then his own art, and that of the Broadway musical, will truly come of age.

DAVID DREW

Bon Courage

MORE about an exhibition upon which I just touched last week: Henry Inlander's paintings at the Leicester Galleries. A lot more can usefully be said because his work raises a problem which preoccupies many painters today.

From this point of view the most interesting canvases in the show are those in which grasses, fishes, reeds, lights are reflected in and seen through water. Often the surface of the water is the surface of the canvas. There is seldom a firm, absolutely definable object to be seen. Everything is vibration, movement and (in the purely optical sense) illusion. Thus these pictures look superficially like certain Tachist works – those of Sam Francis for example. In fact they are more profoundly related to the late Monets of the lily-pond: paintings through which the Tachists try to claim Monet as a precursor, rather as the geometric abstractionists try to claim Cézanne.

I take Inlander's seriousness and very real talent for granted. These paintings are skilful, thorough and obviously the result of a great deal of observation and experiment. The greatest care has gone into establishing the fine ambiguities of the subject. You look down through water at a stone and you are at a loss to know if the depth is four feet or seven feet. By the edge of the water it is possible to confuse parts of the bank with parts of its own reflection. How deep is that flicker of light? How large that fish? Is the bend in that stake entirely the result of refraction? Before these paintings you might ask similar questions; but because here you know that there is only pigment and canvas behind appearances you tend not to, and instead you simply accept that this is a setting where the eye can be tricked. Here no one can prove that all that glitters isn't. . .

I suspect that in a certain sense Inlander painted these pictures as an answer to the Tachists. As though to say: Nature can beat you at your own game and if you worked from nature your vocabulary would be that much richer. Which is true enough. These paintings – nearly always of small details painted broadly and energetically – appear as unspecific as any Tachist work. But they never look merely decorative. And why? Partly because their shapes and gestures never become repetitive – as they're bound to unless the artist is searching outwards: and partly because they are more tensely composed – the painter has had to focus his eyes, has had to grapple with space, not just welcome accidental suggestions of it.

Despite this, however, I believe that the direction in which Inlander is now going will turn out to be a mistaken one. The development from the late Monets to Tachism is logical – however much that idea would have appalled Monet. Monet revealed in his late works that a certain path in painting had a dead end. It takes our contemporary ghosts, who haunt in the name of the avant-garde, to try to go beyond that. The dead end Monet heroically established (such negative reconnaissances can be heroic) was that of an art based exclusively on sensation. He peered down into his lily-pond; his eyes were failing: but the faculty of sight, which had filled and enriched his whole life, remained a marvel for him. And so he began to paint the sensation of seeing: not the objects *seen*, but the abstracted elements to which our eyes are sensitive. Water was an ideal motif for this because water separates these elements: colour from form, line from shape, tone from space. The fatal weakness in this approach lay in the fact that it amounted to no more than an original form of naturalism. The attention was shifted from appearances to the mechanism of the sensations by which we apprehend appearances: from the field to the retina. Yet the evidence received was still accepted uncritically, literally: there was very little attempt to order and transform. The painter remained almost entirely at the receiving end. And so in front of late Monets, as in front of all naturalist works, one has the sense of man being the victim – not of circumstances – but of appearances.

And the Tachists? Their work is also exclusively based on sensation: and the sensation is now one step further away from nature: simply the sensation of painting itself. No artist can be more entirely at the receiving end than the Tachist. Tachism is the naturalism of the palette and the brush. An artist like Inlander should have the sense and courage to realise that art is reality refracted through man's determination to order and change reality. Neither water nor paint is a refractive substitute for that determination.

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The Spring Season

THERE is a type of modern ballet that progresses *ventre à terre*, specially created for the benefit of the circle and gallery, since from the stalls there is little to be seen but rising and falling bits of bodies. Such works are almost always pointedly symbolical, for choreographers seem to find the horizontal posture gives rise to deep thought, or perhaps it is the deep thought that, etc., etc. John Cranko's *Harlequin in April*, which was first produced eight years ago, contains much of this creepy-crawly kind of thinking. Besides this, it is very like my early dancing class, in which we, also, were dear little plants asleep on the dusty floor beneath the nice brown earth. Then the nice warm sun came out and our dear little shoots began to push, push, push through the soil, our leafy arms spread and, lastly, uplifted our flowery little heads. Mr Cranko develops this theme with a more sophisticated psychological twist: Harlequin comes sprouting up at the same time, representing 'human aspiration reborn with the flowers of April'. The choreography of this ballet is certainly thin and only the human characters, Harlequin and Pierrot, show signs of invention. The music, by Richard Arnell, is full of fine-spun, frittering sounds that lead the dancers delicately on, but never create any tension or drama. John Piper's decor once again depressed me. His designs for ballet too often hover on the edge of a Celtic twilight, or an Anglo-Saxon chi-chi.

A second revival, *Danses Concertantes*, is a formal arrangement of movement to music by Stravinsky. The choreography threads in and out of the intricate sounds in a complicated and elegant weave: patterns shift and slide from shape to shape with geometrical precision. This first work by Kenneth Macmillan, now remounted for the larger company, is still his best. He has integrated jazz movement and rhythm with those of classical ballet in a manner so cunning that there is none of the disunity in style that so unbalances ballets like *The Broken Date*. The company danced Macmillan's difficult work with high spirits. Indeed, they were in excellent form last Friday, when Svetlana Beriosova and Pirmin Trecu gave almost perfect performances in that poetic dream, *La Fête Etrange*.

Beryl Grey received such an ovation in the middle of *Le Lac des Cygnes* that it seemed the ballet would never go on. In my opinion this was because she gave to the roles of Odette and Odile a dramatic sense entirely absent from the interpretations of our younger ballerinas. The audience, starved of emotion, quite lost its head with excitement. At times she was most moving, at others she lost control and her arms developed a rough strength that made them look like another pair of legs. But the power of her feeling always carried conviction and she must be hailed as a brave pioneer.

Obviously Miss Grey has learnt much from the Soviet ballet. The same cannot be said for our Royal *corps*, which supported Anya Linden in *Giselle* on her first night in a most desultory manner. The dancers' attention was not concentrated, so there could be no build-up of the central characters. Miss Linden lacks the frail spirit that would have been broken by a lover's defection, and no tragic heroine should ever smile so violently. Miss Linden has some beautiful attitudes, though as yet she has no idea how to emphasise her good points and minimise her bad ones. David Blair was a fine, romantic lover: with just a little more attack he will be first class.

ANNABEL FARJEON

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Intimations of Mortality

SOME who saw that ITV programme about Hitler, with its blood-curdling evocation of inter-war German moods, may have shivered once or twice during last Monday's *Panorama*—as at 'a ghost walking over ones grave'—at the thought that ten or twenty years hence, if any television equipment survives and there are hands to work it and eyes to view with, some enterprising director may dig up Robert Kee's American interviews of 1959 as an example of the mania that seized so many apparently sane and civilised westerners in the period before the final nuclear showdown.

Not that the similarities are exact. There is no Hitler in America: the defects of the Eisenhower administration can hardly be said to spring from a too positive and dynamic personal leadership. But there are people around such as Senator Bridges, from whom Mr Kee extracted the assurance that he would support a nuclear war about Berlin; and even more terrifying—as terrifying, in their sheer sub-human irrationality, as the Germans of 1933 who scrawled 'JUDE' over shop-windows—were some of the New Yorkers whom he interviewed in the street—the faceless men who said that Berlin 'belongs to us' and that 'we should back our President whatever his views are', the woman with all too much face who blazed 'Communism, after all, is ant-eye-God. . . '. Only, I think, one or two Negroes said 'Negotiate'. The most sophisticated contribution to this admirably done series of interviews was by James Reston of the *New York Times*: he defined the American government as 'a loose confederation of warring tribes' (hence both some hope and some dangers); he said, bluntly, that the United States 'will fight if it is perfectly clear that the Russians will deny us the legal right to be in Berlin'; and he made two criticisms of Mr Macmillan's Russian visit which must have surprised many British viewers—his advance announcement that he would stay for twelve days, and 'that dreadful grey Russian hat', which apparently upset the Americans because it symbolised 'the Englishman who feels if you're just *nice* to people you can somehow deal with these great complex problems'. Altogether a salutary and educative, if depressing, *Panorama* item, and a great improvement on some recent editions, which have tended to get bogged down in, *e.g.*, children's shoes—a topic of interest to millions of families but visually uninteresting if handled too straight.

How such a topic *can* be handled so that one stays awake, and even exclaims '*Yes*, my God!' or 'Outrageous!' or 'That's exactly what happened to me', was shown in an edition of ITV's *Searchlight* dedicated, surprisingly enough, to an exposure of the undependability of many consumer goods and the perfidy of those who repair them. Couldn't the people who run *Which?* or *Shopper's Guide* do a regular programme on these lines?

The BBC's Sunday play, *No Deadly Medicine*, was like *Emergency-Ward 10* plus Albert Dekker—an actor from an altogether different dimension—as the pathologist too old and too busy for his job. *Monitor* had a good interview with Le Corbusier, but—having sent a unit to Paris and having, presumably, to justify the expense—went on and on about the Comédie Française, starting indeed with some imaginative treatment of statues, staircases and such, but soon growing tedious (to me at least, because, to me, this celebrated institution represents all that is most detestable in the theatre). Huw Wheldon deserves great credit for putting *Monitor* across and keeping it going, but is still, as compère, too arch for my taste and too mannered in his emphases and pauses: the upper-middlebrow's Pete Murray.

In *What's My Line?*, Lady Barnett has been positively ESP-ish lately; and Gilbert Harding, guessing (wrongly) that a contestant was a canvass-tester from Mr Nigel Nicolson's constituency, observed that Bournemouth had 'nothing to lose but its chines'.

TOM DRIBERG

'The Buskers', at the Arts Theatre

The Buskers won its author, Mr Kenneth Jupp, a £500 bursary from the Arts Council. One can see why: it is an inventive, lively play, with some good situations and tight dialogue. Granted the inventions are mostly those of other people, above all of Pirandello, but Mr Jupp deploys them with skill. A group of strolling players, who are searching for the lost head of their stricken family, one Adam Cross, re-enact the history that led up to his disappearance. His wife and both daughters have been seduced by his son-in-law; one of the daughters has killed herself. In the end Adam Cross reappears—he had been with them unknown for weeks—to take a violent revenge.

The action takes an inordinately long time to get going, but once the play-within-a-play has started, it moves along at a good pace. The trouble is Mr Jupp preaches as well as practises: there is a heavy pall of religious symbolism over everything. The seduction scene is also a Fall, with the serpent son-in-law presiding. There would, of course, be nothing wrong with this if it didn't relieve Mr Jupp of the responsibility of giving his characters a living depth of their own. At one point one of them asks: 'You fancy yourself as a symbol or something?' They may not, but I am afraid Mr Jupp does. Within the range he allows, Miss Patricia Jessel is powerful and tigerish, while James Bree, Patrick Magee and Neil McCallum show a great deal of spirit. Mr Toby Robertson has directed the piece with a fine, tatty inventiveness.

A. A.

Correspondence

POPULATION AND SCIENCE

SIR,—Having just returned from the Sixth International Conference on Planned Parenthood in Delhi, where I was able to learn a good deal about over-population, both as a world problem and as it appears to India and other Asian countries, I was frankly bewildered by Professor Bernal's letter.

First of all, he seems not to grasp that the present situation is quite exceptional: we are living through a population crisis during which world numbers are increasing in an unprecedented way—by 47 million last year and at least 50 million this year. The annual *rate* of increase is also increasing to unprecedented heights. Though it only reached one per cent. in the present century it is now over 1.5 per cent., and still rising. This explosive increase is due primarily to medical and biological science having spectacularly reduced death-rates, without any corresponding fall in birth-rates.

Professor Bernal speaks of the wonders that science can bring. This new human phenomenon of world-wide death-control is such a wonder. But science must help in balancing death-control with birth-control if 'the richness and promise of man himself' (again to quote Professor Bernal) are to be realised.

Professor Bernal is a physicist, so perhaps it is natural that he should neglect the ecological-evolutionary point of view. However, this is indispensable in dealing with living organisms, including man. Organisms evolve: to do so, they must be adapted to their environment—they must achieve some sort of equilibrium with it. But evolution is a directional process, and so the adaptation must be to the direction of the process as well as to its present state. In the case of man, we must get away from the hopeless idea of a never-ending race between numbers and food, in favour of the fruitful idea of moving equilibrium between population and resources.

Professor Bernal solemnly states that a fraction of what the capitalist countries now spend on armaments (he does not mention the Communist countries' expenditure), if properly used, could end world-malnutrition 'in two or three years or sooner'. I can only suppose that he has not troubled to think quantitatively on the subject. According to WHO, about 1.8 billion people are now insufficiently nourished, and even two years would add over 100 million new mouths to be fed. He also says that 'birth-control by itself can never bring about such a result'. No one ever supposed that it could: but it is still necessary.

In general, we must consider the relation between quantity of population and quality of life, and must take account of all kinds of resources, not only food resources but resources of space, enjoyment, education and fulfilment. Excessive numbers and population density impinge on the quality of human life, and curtail the realisation of many of its desirable possibilities such as health, human dignity, active employment and sense of individual significance. They are producing water shortages, traffic congestion and cities far beyond optimum size for efficiency and beyond optimum scale for truly human living. Above all, they promote over-organisation and regimentation and reduce the area of human freedom.

Professor Bernal rightly says that birth-control has its place in protecting the health of mothers and children and preventing women from bearing more children than they want. But he omits to mention the place of birth-control in national policy, and even implies that birth-control is being forced on under-developed countries 'so that people in wealthy countries would no longer be offended by the knowledge of starving millions and could then feel exempt from doing anything to help them or even from letting them help themselves'!

This is not so. Countries like India and Japan have made population-control a central feature in national policy, because they know that without it they are headed for disaster. In under-developed countries, excessive population-increase reduces the possibility of an economic break-through. The money and energy spent on feeding, clothing, housing, educating and servicing the annual crop of new human beings must be deducted from the money and energy that could and should be devoted to investment in industrial and social improvement. When the economic level is low and population-increase is high, this may lead to what Coale and Hoover, in their careful study of the situation in India (*Population Growth and Economic Development in Low-Income Countries: and Case-study of India's Prospects*), call a point of economic no return. They conclude that this will happen in India unless the birth-rate is halved within 25 or 30 years. The Indian authorities have taken this to heart, and are intensifying their preparations for an all-out campaign to check population-increase. They have established admirable centres for demographic research and training and for contraceptive testing, and are setting up camps to train young surgeons to undertake sterilisation operations.

Professor Bernal says that 'the population curve . . . is fairly certain to pass the five billion mark by the end of the century'. This is perfectly correct, but it is also certain that if we do nothing to bring down the rate of increase, our grandchildren will live in a world of increasing misery and frustration.

To anyone capable of taking a non-political and evolutionary view, unchecked population-increase appears as the most serious threat to man's future. Our duty is clear: to strive for a proper balance between population and resources; to increase the production and improve the distribution of food; and especially to give maximum support, through the United Nations and all other organisations, to scientific research on human reproduction, and to projects for its better control.

JULIAN HUXLEY

VOTERS' VETO

SIR,—The advocacy by Messrs Craft and Crampton of the voters' veto against parliamentary candidates who refuse to pledge themselves to immediate and unilateral renunciation of nuclear weapons rests on two false assumption.. and ignores one vital fact. It assumes (1) that the two parties have substantially the same attitude to the H-bomb, and (2) that the 'veto' would not injure the Labour Party more than it would the Conservatives. It also ignores the fact that foreign policy determines what we mean by defence. Because Tory foreign policy is directed to defending the old social and colonial order against forces of change which the Tories identify with Communism, it cannot lay the basis for peacemaking, is bound to cause recurrent crises, and could make war sooner or later inevitable.

Labour opposed the Suez aggression, the Jordan adventure, and Mr Dulles' brinkmanship over Matsu, and on each of these occasions put forward alternative proposals for peaceful settlements. On nuclear weapons, both Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan told the Scarborough Conference that they would not commit the next Labour government. But the party is committed to immediate suspension of H-tests and work on missiles and to prohibition of H-flights over Britain till a real attempt has been made to come to disarmament terms with the Soviet Union. In view of the substantial common ground between Labour's policies and recent Soviet government proposals, such an attempt should succeed—unless it is sabotaged by the United States, in which case the proposal for unilateral abandonment of the nuclear rat-race by Britain would become irresistible. Of course we must continue to try to push the Labour Party 'over the line' on this life-and-death issue. But we believe that the coming into power of a Labour government with the peace policy to which it is committed would break the cold war hypnosis and release immense popular forces in America and Europe in favour of nuclear disarmament.

In any case it is inconceivable that a Labour government will be able to fulfil its promises at home unless it abandons or ends the nuclear arms race. However many Labour MPs may be committed to unilateral nuclear disarmament, there will be plenty who will insist upon the fulfilment of Labour

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promises on pensions, health, schools, and the cost of living, which cannot be carried out without cutting defence costs. These are the reasons why the difference between succeeding and failing to turn out the Tories at the next election is vital—no less than the difference between starting a drive for peace and continuing a drift to war. In so far as there are at least ten potential Labour voters to every one potential Conservative voter who might be influenced by the voters' veto, its effect could only be the opposite of that which the organisers really desire. We therefore appeal to all supporters of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament to concentrate their efforts on getting the only kind of government in Britain which offers the hope of ending the nightmare of atomic death.

K. ZILLIACUS
STEPHEN SWINGLER

House of Commons

'LA GRANDE ILLUSION'

SIR,—In a review of Renoir's film *La Grande Illusion* Mr William Whitebait asks:

> What is the Great Illusion? For Sir Norman Angell it was fairly simple—the notion that war pays; from a realisation that it didn't would follow peace with profit. Illusion indeed!

May the undersigned be permitted a word or two concerning that comment?

Half a century ago (when *The Great Illusion* was published) most people believed war inevitable because increasing population would push Germany to seek 'living space' in British overseas territory. But Britain needed that territory for her own people. Were the means of life for future generations of Britons, children growing up in our homes, to be handed over to an alien people?

Here was a question of right, a moral question, deeply charged with emotion, arising out of a certain interpretation of the economic situation. Clearly it was impossible to examine the moral question without examining the economic argument which gave rise to it. Furthermore, although we may take the ground that economic considerations should not dominate human motive and conduct, they certainly will do so if the economic problem is ignored, left unsolved. A people who face famine will be concerned first and last with an economic purpose: food.

So, *The Great Illusion* examined the economic assumptions which were presumed to justify morally the stand we took; and drew the conclusion that those economic assumptions were groundless; that the currency of such fallacies made any long continuing peace impossible; that victory in the war which would result from those ideas would fail to secure the ends we desired and would produce an unworkable, chaotic society, from which would arise further war. The event has furnished some confirmation of that forecast.

It was extremely difficult in the decade before the first war to secure any adequate attention to the interlocking political, economic and moral forces which *The Great Illusion* discussed because so many deemed it sufficient to dogmatise to the effect that 'men do not go to war for economic reasons'.

How persistent that attitude can be Mr Whitebait's comment reminds us, coming as it does half a century after the debate some of us tried to carry on before 1914; and coming also in a generation which has seen an economic doctrine divide the world, dominate the policy of nearly half its population and take on an almost religious quality. The West has not shown the political skill to meet this 40-year-old challenge or we would not have seen Germany accept a Hitler as dictator; Italy a Mussolini; Spain a Franco; nor France return to some adaptation of Napoleonic method; nor the United States reveal such instability of policy that, having warmly supported Wilson in 1917, it utterly destroys him in the presidential election of 1920 (thereby helping to make the second war certain) and returns to his policy a quarter of a century later; nor Britain reveal a precisely similar oscillation of policy; nor 20 Latin American republics persist for more than a century in those conditions of unstable dictatorships with which we are so familiar—a pattern which the Middle East seems to be following and which much of Africa seems likely to do.

That political record would have been less devastating if the economic issues raised in *The Great Illusion* had been more considered. They are disturbingly relevant to the present situation and should not be evaded on the ground that 'men do not go to war for economic reasons'.

NORMAN ANGELL

CONSPIRACY IN AFRICA

SIR,—While agreeing with every word of your editorial of 14 March entitled 'Massacre?' I should like to add one date to your timetable of recent events.

It is Thursday, 19 February, when a £10m. loan for the Federation was subscribed in the London market.

You will recall that on 20 February Sir Roy Welensky and Sir Edgar Whitehead met the Governors of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland and that on the same day federal troops were sent to the latter Protectorate.

Since, according to Sir Edgar Whitehead, an emergency had been contemplated in Southern Rhodesia since before Christmas, the question arises whether D-day was determined by events in Nyasaland or by the subscription of the loan on 19 February. Whose, in fact, was the conspiracy?

IAN FORSYTH

Ballindalloch, Banffshire

AN APPEAL FOR NYASALAND

SIR,—The Africa Bureau calls on readers of the NEW STATESMAN to support an urgent appeal for funds to enable it to contribute towards the alleviation of distress in Nyasaland and to provide legal and constitutional advice to African leaders in Central and East Africa.

The Bureau is a strictly non-party association with members of all three major political parties on its executive committee. Trust funds have already been established to help African schoolchildren in South Africa; to sponsor inter-racial ventures such as the St Faith's Mission Farm started by Mr and Mrs Clutton-Brock in Southern Rhodesia; and to help African students in South-West Africa and the High Commission Territories who are anxious to get higher education.

While this work must be continued and expanded, hardly a week passes without some new and urgent call for support. Within the last few weeks Africans and Europeans have turned to the Africa Bureau for assistance for the victims of recent events in Nyasaland and Southern Rhodesia and for legal aid for Africans whose movements are restricted in Northern Rhodesia.

We appeal to you to help us in these objects.

LAURA GRIMOND, HEMINGFORD, A. CREECH JONES, PETER CALVOCORESSI, TREVOR HUDDLESTON, CR, MICHAEL SCOTT

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THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

SIR,—In her letter in your issue of 7 March Joan Simon writes: 'May I add that the Conservative government is concerned to keep the Grammar schools mainly as a bulwark to protect the Public schools'. This is the sort of unsupported statement which, printed in a responsible journal and repeated thoughtlessly, can make serious discussion of education impossible. I don't know that Conservatives show any more love for the Grammar school than do the authors of recent Labour Party pronouncements on education. After all, it was a leading Conservative, Mr Butler, who gave his name to the 1944 Act, which did more to damage the Grammar schools than any other measure since the bulk of them were established in 1902.

But the chief interest in Mrs Simon's statement is the implied corollary: 'Therefore anti-Conservatives

must get rid of the Grammar schools as centres of Tory privilege'. It is becoming increasingly clear that some—not all—supporters of Comprehensive education are actuated by purely political motives. They see it as a means of getting rid of the Grammar schools, and after them the Public schools. It rather looks as if the days of the Grammar schools are numbered. But before they are 'merged into a larger Comprehensive system' (to use the fashionable euphemism), it might be as well to recall their achievements. They have faults, but their greatest advantage has been their success in attaining their principal object—that of enabling the children of the poor to compete on equal terms with the children of the rich in gaining the academic opportunities and honours to which their natural gifts entitle them.

Since the main work of the Grammar schools has been to serve the interests of the working class, I have never understood why the greatest animus against them should come from Socialists. Before these schools are merged out of existence, let us be sure that working-class interests will really be as well served by Comprehensive schools. That time will come, I suggest, when the Comprehensive schools invade the scholarship lists of the universities as effectively as the Grammar schools did 50 years ago.

JAMES REEVES

Chalfont St Giles

SIR,—Your correspondent, K. Potts, advances a theory that all schools would become good schools if they had the staff and equipment that Mrs Chetwynd's school has; but this is only a theory.

We, as practising teachers, came to teach in a Comprehensive school because of our convictions that the only way in which social justice can be done in education is by means of the Comprehensive school. We, therefore, would not and could not have undertaken the work we do in Comprehensive schools in any other type of school. Moreover, we are of the opinion that the majority of enthusiastic teachers in Comprehensive schools would take a similar line. Success in this type of school demands a sense of dedication which is closely bound up with the principle of equal opportunity, and therefore with non-segregation at 11-plus, upon which a Comprehensive school ought to be based.

M. GERMAN
Senior Mistress
J. BIGINELL
Senior Master
E. HACKETT
Deputy Headmaster

Woodberry Down School, N4

THE NATURAL BREAK

SIR,—The point is not that I like commercialism but that I dislike cant and hypocrisy. It is hypocritical to pretend that any unsubsidised publication can survive without selling its audience or readers to advertisers; and I find it suspicious that most of the people who are most vociferously attacking the advertisements on commercial television are people who might think they would profit if commercial television were restricted: proprietors of competing media who might get a larger slice of the advertising revenue if a rival were controlled, broadcasters who might get a larger audience if the public had no other choice. If purely æsthetic considerations were involved, I should have expected that there would have been at least as much attention paid to the posters which so disfigure our towns and our public transport; it is, after all, perfectly possible not to expose oneself to advertisements on television or in the press; but one becomes a danger to oneself and one's fellow-citizens if one tries to shut one's eyes to the posters on hoardings or buses or in stations. I would, at the moment, give a good deal more than my vote to be rid of that nymphet with a saddle (Magnus Hirschfeld could have made some interesting comments on her) who leers at me from numerous walls.

My statement that advertising breaks between programmes serve a useful psychological function was a comment on the breaks, not on the advertising. Something parallel—say, a couple of minutes of animated film backed by *musique concrète*—would be æsthetically more interesting; but I think such contrasting breaks are very desirable. A quasi-newscaster, giving verbal trailers of coming attractions, does not fulfil this function.

GEOFFREY GORER

Sunte House
Haywards Heath
Sussex

SIR,—As one who watches Independent Television, has plays produced by it, and occasionally appears on it, I feel that you are being a little unfair about the problem of the advertisement 'breaks'.

Has it never occurred to you that they serve a useful domestic purpose? During those two minutes in which the screen is filled with the rival claims of the detergent giants, one can leave the set in order to powder one's nose, replenish one's glass, and let out the cat. This is impossible during the chaste, non-commercial productions of the BBC. One must sit it out to the bitter end.

As a dramatist, I am unimpressed by your doleful picture of an audience whose sensitive souls are outraged by the sudden intrusion of commerce into art. If a play is true and vital, if it has pace and shape, it will stand up to any amount of commercial interference. You might as well inveigh against the old-fashioned music-hall 'drop' curtain, or refuse to allow concerts to be performed in any hall that was not totally isolated from every whisper of the outside world.

Finally, though some of the advertisements are admittedly idiotic, many of them—particularly the cartoons—are brilliant little cameos, worthy of Disney. The BBC programmes would be positively improved by them. They would add brightness to whiteness.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

Sudbrook Cottage
Ham Common

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Spring Books Supplement

BRECHT FROM THE OUTSIDE

It is safe to assume that Mr Willett knows more about the work of Brecht than anyone else ever has, including Brecht himself, who hadn't a very good memory. The amount of research that has gone into *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht** is prodigious, and happily the facts come to us filtered through a mind, not heaped-up by a research staff. If I say that the result is an illustrated catalogue, I should add that I like illustrated catalogues, and that this may well be the best such catalogue on the book market. The illustrations (to begin with) are mostly good in themselves and invariably relevant to the subject, and the job of tracking them down must have been a formidable one, as Brecht left his traces in all manner of by-ways but seldom on the main highway. Brecht also cultivated his own brand of esotericism, so that, through the years, just finding his writings took more energy than reading them. Even in the years 1956-58, Mr Willett could go on making 'finds', and, though I have been reading Brechtiana for nearly twenty years, I learn something new on nearly every page of this introduction for beginners.

> The book starts with a chronology and a concise analysis of the plays. . . . Eight main aspects of Brecht's theatre are then discussed. . . . After this come technicalities: notes, a bibliography. . . .

All of which (I have been quoting the dust-cover) is done magisterially. Errors are (I believe) very few. Selectivity is exercised with a nice sense of proportion. And it is not condescension but merely familiarity with Brechtiana that makes me add that the prose is spare and straightforward – no jargon, no oratory.

Mr Willett is even more unusual among writers on Brecht in his independence of judgment. He takes nothing on authority. He is uninfluenced by zealots of this persuasion or that. And who should write about a fanatic if not a non-fanatic? Mr Willett's sensible tone has obvious advantages. Seldom if ever has Brecht been looked at with such a combination of approval and common sense, interest and detachment. As a student handbook, *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht* is brilliantly successful. One wishes that other important dramatists had been brought before us half so attractively.

When, however, he presents himself not only as admirer and expositor but as critic and theorist, Mr Willett is in trouble. When it's a matter of showing the relation between Brecht and the dramatists and musicians of the Twenties, his mastery is so evident that one feels he knows everything, but there is a curious absence of perspective in his book, and reading him I got the same feeling I had when moving, years ago, in 'Brecht circles' – that Brecht is the only artist who authentically exists, the others being of interest, when they are, only as influences on him. Would Mr Willett seriously maintain that Brecht was a writer of Shakespearean stature? Like other British commentators, he does drag Shakespeare in. But the judgments involved are nothing if not unclear. Nor is Brecht 'placed', even tentatively, in the tradition of German literature.

If, as a historian, Mr Willett succeeds only when he is the specialist covering a very short span of time, as a critic he succeeds only in the sincerity of his immediate impressions and the clarity of his summings-up. Here he is, trying to reach out further:

> Much of the interest of Brecht's theatre lies in this combination of barely reconcilable features: lesson and entertainment, individualism and collective; scepticism and myth, the fake world and the real. They all tug us in different directions, and in every work the proportions of the mixture vary. There is a continual feeling of movement and life. Somehow they are held together. This is partly due to the consistently beautiful language in which they are written, partly to Brecht's elaboration over the years of suitable theatrical methods which he was able to shuffle into an apparently coherent theory. But ultimately their force is due to a profound obstinacy, which allowed Brecht to weather all changes in political climate or artistic fashion and develop steadily along his own lines. This made him a much more elastic and indiarubbery writer than those who have to iron out all conflicts and present a consistent, unwrinkled face. . . .

Bland as the first of these sentences sounds, it either says nothing or says what is not true. What is irreconcilable about scepticism and myth? They have been reconciled quite often – at least since Euripides and Aristophanes. Or about individualism and collectivism, reconciled in most of the great philosophies? Or of lesson and entertainment, whose reconcilability in all literature was announced by Horace? Or the fake world and the real, whose reconciliation engaged Shakespeare and Cervantes? It may well be true, of course, that the interest of Brecht's theatre lies in the combination of these features, but where Mr Willett finds novelty, a more critical eye will see only the familiar. The sentences that follow seem a vain beating of the air. 'They all tug us in different directions'? Certainly: plays have tension. 'In every work the proportions of the mixture vary'? And if they do? Is it suggested one can measure and enjoy that variation? 'There is a continual feeling of movement and life'? And in other good plays there is not? 'Somehow they are held together'? But is it not the job of criticism to *say* how? The following sentence speaks of 'beautiful language', and one might expect to learn from the chapter on this language what its beauty consists in, but no, the emphasis is on influences and 'styles', not on the particular life of the words as used by Brecht. . . .

'Ultimately', says Mr Willett, the power of Brecht's work 'is due to a profound obstinacy which allowed Brecht to weather all changes in political climate or artistic fashion. . . .' This sentence is marked by two weaknesses. Critically, it is weak because of an unfortunate change of subject: if one is appraising the work itself, one should not switch to the matter of origin or one could logically end up saying, ultimately Brecht owed everything to breast-feeding. And surely it is a weakness in point of imagination – political, psychological, and moral – to speak of Brecht's political history as a weathering of changes in climate. In fact, Brecht *chose* the climate of East Germany – by going there.

Of Mr Willett's treatment of politics it must be said that while he has to rely for his sources on the evasions of others he himself tries to be unevasive. He quotes Brecht on the death of Stalin: 'The oppressed of five continents must have felt their hearts stop beating. . . .' He discusses Brecht's letter to Ulbricht when the East Germans rose in revolt, 17 June 1953: 'I feel it necessary at this moment to write to you and express my association with the SED. . . .' He mentions Brecht's having told a British journalist that George Orwell should have been exterminated. . . .

But having duly deplored these utterances, Mr Willett proceeds to discount them. Communists are fanatical, but anti-Communists are also fanatical: one has only to cry 'A plague on both your houses!' to achieve wisdom. Conceding that 'no creative artist's politics were ever less independent of his works', Mr Willett then treats Brecht's works as if they were independent of politics or at least as if politics were just a matter of philosophy: one begs to differ from Brecht as one might beg to differ from Mr A. J. Ayer. Hence what begins as an admirable tolerance ends as a failure to grasp what the works of Brecht are about. No one has described Brecht's plays from the outside better than Mr Willett. On the inside was a passionate experience into which he has not been able to enter. This was the experience of Communism. The key to it does not lie in textbooks of philosophy but in the history of the twentieth century and in the career of Brecht.

When Brecht called for the extermination of Orwell he said something consistent both with Stalinist practice and with his own writings. Mr Willett's only comment is: 'Brecht obviously enjoyed shocking people'.

At another point, Mr Willett endorses Brecht's West German publisher who wrote:

> I do not share . . . the view sometimes expressed that Brecht's talents were injured by politics: I am much more inclined to see political dogma as providing the cure for the anarchy and cynical nihilism of his early plays.

One concludes that it is good to believe in the extermination of Orwell if only one is thereby cured of cynical nihilism.

In seeming to rescue Brecht from political enthusiasts, Mr Willett understands him, on the whole, less well than the Communists do. At least the latter can enter more readily into

* *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht: A Study from Eight Aspects.* By JOHN WILLETT. *Methuen.* 36s.

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

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Brecht's emotions, and can more readily acknowledge the image he had of himself. Looking backward, Brecht saw himself as the conscience of culture – in the tradition, say, of Voltaire and Zola. Looking forward, he saw himself as the poet of the one true philosophy, of a great new world civilisation. He saw himself, that is, as moralist and prophet. The Communists – or perhaps, rather, the Parisian fellow-travellers – think he was right. If one thinks he was wrong, one can scarcely pass over the failure as a miscalculation – or as an error irrelevant to art. A comparison with Pasternak would clarify the question.

Mr Willett's book builds toward a final chapter, and I was in hopes that he would there tackle what is after all the final issue: the stature of Brecht as man, poet, playwright, moralist and prophet. But where the climax is expected comes the sheerest bathos. The subject of the last chapter is Mr Willett's hope that what is valuable in Brecht will influence English writers today. He is very generous in his assessment of what is *not* valuable and includes much that others of us would gladly keep (such as Brecht's stage gimmicks) – if indeed an artist's influence ever happened by this kind of sorting-out at all. Influence turns out to be another of the subjects which Mr Willett has not sufficiently examined. 'We should be able to assimilate [Brecht]', he writes, 'as Lenz and Büchner assimilated Shakespeare.' The ambiguous invocation of Shakespeare has already been mentioned. And doesn't Mr Willett know that Lenz and Büchner misunderstood Shakespeare? That by the way is nothing against them: in England, where Shakespeare was understood, he had a largely baneful influence. Is the influence of a major writer *ever* a thing to rejoice at? When Brecht started out, the stage was suffering from – Ibsen.

The strength of Mr Willett's book lies in the exact way he gives the chronology and immediate background of Brecht's works: the Brechtian theory and practice, he seems to be saying, grew from these circumstances and belongs to them. After which it is too late to persuade us in a final chapter that Brecht's work has 'a peculiar relevance to our country and our time' and that English writers should be busy trying to 'recapture' his 'explosive force.' Particularly since Mr Willett does not use persuasion but platitude and non-sequitur, as in the following:

> What we want is writers who can bring out the best in our theatre instead of the worst; and here Brecht is a much more relevant example than is generally supposed. For he used English models . . . he illustrated his opinions by citing Auden. . . . He worked . . . on Shakespeare and Marlowe . . . he was an addict of the English and American detective story. . . .

Here admiration defeats itself.

And thereby hangs a paradox. The real Brecht may in some ways be less admirable than his current commentators think. Nonetheless, the reality dwarfs their image of him. Despite Mr Willett (and, for that matter the NEW STATESMAN profile of three years ago), Bertolt Brecht's career was not a success story. It was a tragedy. But tragedy, as Aristotle said, has a certain magnitude.

ERIC BENTLEY

A Clue to Conforming

A modern soldier, home from wars
of dysentery and desert sores,
could neither eat nor sleep, because

he felt that to be diddled twice
in one daft lifetime wasn't nice,
especially when the lowest price

was dying. He puzzled blue and puzzled black
his angry brain for sleep of lack
becoming sharper than a tack!

At last, Eureka! Bless-my-soul!
(his – not mine, it's swallowed whole)
he found a worthy soldier's role:

'A war memorial' he cried
'I will be and will be the pride
of nation, straight-backed and blue-eyed.'

He found a quiet deserted square
and settled in the centre, where
he raised both hands high in the air;

he would not speak, he would not move,
and finally, because of love,
a Government-Trickcyclist proved

him crackers. He puzzled blue and puzzled black
his angry brain for sleep of lack
becoming sharper than a tack!

At last, Eureka! Bless-my-soul!
(his – not mine, it's swallowed whole)
he found a worthy soldier's role:

'A lunatic' he cried
'I will be and will be the pride
of nation, straight-backed and blue-eyed.'

He volunteered to fight again
and was discharged, superbly sane,
with character without a stain;

and now he lives for future wars,
an integrated soul, because
his cause is ours, we *are* his cause.

EDWIN BROCK

Lessons from Cambridge

The Victoria History of the County of Cambridge, Vol. III. The City and University of Cambridge. *Oxford.* 7 *gns.*

Cambridge is a place where, unless one is quite unusually opaque, the past presses in. But it tends to be an imaginary past, an antiquarian past. Somehow the bright, beautiful town gets between one and the flesh-and-bone lives that have been lived there. I used to hear a lot of antiquarian conversations in Cambridge; I heard astonishingly few which showed any historical insight into the place. It isn't because the books haven't been written. Cambridge is probably better documented than any university in the world, and some of the narrative histories (for example, Winstanley's on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, slightly flawed for the rather curious reason that the author was too nice a man, and so couldn't bring himself to think really badly of *anybody*) are excellent.

Yet no one learns from all this. How many people, in Cambridge or out of it, have any pre-

cise picture of what a college High Table was like – say between 1680 and 1820? Heavy old gentlemen, over-fed, swilling port? Nonsense. Apart from the heads of houses, who were allowed to marry, Cambridge was a lad's world. By and large, the dons were very young men, chafing to leave the college and get married. They didn't drink as much as a good many professional men drink in the 1950s. Deeply committed to the classics? In fact, they won their Fellowships through coming out high in the *mathematical* tripos (it was not until 1822 that, as a tremendous revolutionary step, men were allowed to take a classical tripos, on condition that they had passed the mathematical tripos first). Almost any Fellow of a Cambridge college for nearly two hundred years, and hence a large proportion of Anglican parsons, must have had a rough and ready knowledge of simple mechanics and a certain skill at dull but difficult sums.

We are not good, it seems to me, at comprehending our own educational traditions, either those of Cambridge or the whole country. Sometimes I think we comprehend them less than we ever did. And that matters, when we are facing, or rather, when we ought to be facing and are suicidally finding every excuse not to do so, some radical decisions. Dipping into the Victoria History, being forced to think about Cambridge once more, I felt a familiar mixture of love, irritation and foreboding.

The History itself I can't pretend to judge. Professor Helen Cam I found fascinating on the history of the town. The accounts of the individual colleges vary very much in quality: several have the amateur antiquarian touch which in Cambridge has always felt like the kiss of death. By far the best is Mr Saltmarsh's about King's. The general articles (The Middle Ages, The Sixteenth Century, The Early Stuarts and the Civil War, The Age of Newton and Bentley, The Age of Reform, The Modern University) are all written by the editor, Dr J. P. C. Roach, and are all interesting. The last is the weakest; Dr Roach hasn't been well-briefed on the scientific side, even less so on the mathematical, and the chief creative glories of modern Cambridge get a poor deal. But that is for other people, better qualified than I am, to fight out.

For myself, these articles set me brooding on three questions. All of them have some relevance to our present troubles. *Why, down to the nineteenth century, did England support only two universities?* Every other major country in Europe and most poorer ones, including Scotland, had far more. It is very odd. Was it because the Inns of Court had, from medieval times, taken over most of the legal education? Anyway, whatever the reason is, this bizarre concentration gave Oxford and Cambridge their abnormal richness, their idiosyncrasy, and much of their charm. But it also had other results for which we are increasingly paying the price – the English feeling that university education is a very *rare* thing, which in general is connected with class and should follow strict class lines. Further, university education being so rare in numbers, it should also be rare in every other way: which led to the specialisation that the English have carried to greater extremes than any country on earth.

Second question: *Why did the English forms of education, like many other of our social forms, crystallise round about* 1900? In the nineteenth century, a good deal of our thinking was still fluid. Dr Roach calls the period 1800-82 the Age of Reform, with the implied corollary, inbred in almost all of us, that nothing but second-order modifications were necessary after that, or indeed possible. That, in effect, has been true. Men like

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Henry Sidgwick were freer-minded than any Cambridge liberal of the twentieth century could possibly be. I have never known a society where it was more difficult, or took more time, to effect even a trivial change. The amount of effort that the Provost of King's and his friends have to spend over a modest administrative reform, would transform most of a major government department. This crystallisation has occurred in a lot of the upper structure of English life, and it has grown more rigid since 1945. It frightens me.

Finally: *What ought Cambridge to do now?* If things go as they are going (which, because of our crystallisation, is always the likely bet), Cambridge, with Oxford, will increasingly collect the best undergraduate talent. Everyone wants to go there: who can blame them? But if we had had universities at Stamford and York in the Middle Ages, this particular national scramble would be less acute now. The danger is, in twenty years Oxford and Cambridge may find themselves universities of nothing but young academics, top second-class and above; and the other English universities will only get really first-class undergraduates occasionally and by flukes. This can't be right, either for Cambridge or the others. Surely the present position of Harvard is a better model? That is, Harvard College – the liberal arts institution of the University – in relation to Harvard's post-graduate schools. From the outside, such a modelling of Cambridge doesn't sound like a blazingly revolutionary proposal: but, when I remember our university machinery, I confess I think that to achieve it would need the combined skills of Lenin and Lloyd George.

C. P. SNOW

The Road to Toad Hall

Kenneth Grahame. By PETER GREEN. *Murray.* 30*s.*

This is more like a pyramid than a tribute. The *raison d'être* of this monument of nearly 120,000 words is that slender classic *The Wind in the Willows*. Peter Green has been tireless in his researches, and no detail in Grahame's long, sad life has been ignored. ('Kenneth was fussy over his coffee, always insisting on making it with an earthenware strainer.') Where documentary evidence is lacking, his biographer fills out the story from contemporary sources and adds atmospheric detail of his own contrivance. Quotations are introduced from far and near. Well and good: this is a full-length biography, and Mr Green justifies it on the ground that his subject has been neglected.

The most interesting and the best written chapters are the two in which *The Wind in the Willows* is analysed *à la* Livingstone Lowes. These chapters are given the title of 'The Road to Xanadu'. Now Lowes stuck to more or less literary sources for the two Coleridge poems he analysed; but Mr Green's analysis is not only literary but also Marxist and Freudian. It is interesting to know that Toad is partly a projection of a suppressed side of Grahame's nature and partly a composite portrait of Oscar Wilde and Horatio Bottomley. But what Mr Green has perhaps forgotten about Lowes's source-hunting is that his final judgment of 'Kubla Khan' as a poem is little short of ridiculous. When it comes to discussion of value, Mr Green falls back on the formula 'a classic – and by any criterion *The Wind in the Willows* deserves that honourable title'; and he reminds us that this classic has had an average annual sale of 80,000 copies over the last 50 years. This really won't do. Similar claims could probably be made for *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and *Three Men in a Boat*. And by any criterion a category that contains these three works as well as the *Odyssey*, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Crime and Punishment* is pretty useless. Certainly *The Wind in the Willows* is a classic of animal fantasy, like *Just so Stories* and *The Tale of Jeremy Fisher;* to say this is to get the matter into something like its true proportion. As for the circulation figures, is half a century's popularity an infallible guide to a book's merits? It is perhaps worth mentioning that *When We were Very Young* sells about ten times as many copies as *Peacock Pie* – which seems to prove that the same public prefers slick jingles to real poetry.

The trouble with all judgments of children's classics is that they are inextricably tied up with one's own childhood. Many readers whose taste I respect think that *The Wind in the Willows* is a work of genius. I don't. I read it first with a class of schoolboys when I was over 20. I can only say that the cosiness, the fine writing, the sentimentality, and above all the oppressively male atmosphere of the book, repelled me. Mr Green claims that it touches permanent chords in human nature. To me it touches mainly the chords that vibrate in the breast of the English prep school boy. Mr Green has persuaded me that there is more in it than this – indeed, he demonstrates only too abundantly that it is, to use a line from Eliot which he has left unquoted, a *'mélange adultère de tout'*. In other words he demonstrates the book's essential disunity; and perhaps the key to its popularity is the preference of the British public for the picaresque and episodic to the artistically unified. To me this is a mark of philistinism; and for all Grahame's sensitiveness, his literary pretentions, his nostalgic evocation of a riverside Arcadia, *The Wind in the Willows* is a philistine book. Perhaps, though, it is to be treated, as Mr Green is inclined to treat it, as a satire on society. Is it worthy to be mentioned, as he mentions it, beside the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels*? Certainly there is a satiric element in it. But the whole thing, as Mr Green shows, is so very mixed up that to write of it in the same terms as the masterpieces of Coleridge seems to me pretentious.

But I may be wrong. I didn't read it as a child, so that I cannot respond to those qualities in it which to a child are undoubtedly magical, except by regarding them as a derivative compound of Jefferies, Stevenson, Jerome, Kipling and Beatrix Potter. If the permanent value of *The Wind in the Willows* has earned its author such a profuse biography, it must be freely admitted that Mr Green has carried out the task with lively energy, and made an absorbing story out of it.

JAMES REEVES

Americans Building

Architecture USA. By IAN MCCALLUM. *Architectural Press.* 63*s.*

For those of us who have not been to America for a long time, if at all, and who are either under- or over-impressed by stories of American prowess in architecture, this is just the book. It consists of a historical introduction followed by short but very personal biographies of one dead and thirty-two living architects, with splendid photographs and small plans of their works. The biographies are set in chronological order by date of birth, so the heavyweights come first and the bright boys who, one and all, declare allegiance to one or more heavyweights, last. It is, altogther, a brilli-

antly impressive picture: the June of the modern movement, busting out.

To English architects the distribution of opportunity and achievement may seem oddly lopsided. A rough estimate of the types of buildings illustrated shows that more than forty per cent. are private houses of the smaller luxury kind (a substantial proportion of these being built by architects for themselves). Commercial and industrial buildings take perhaps 20 per cent. of the space, the remainder being divided between university buildings (a very lively category: Oxbridge and Redbrick please note), art centres, airports and, right down at the bottom, such things as schools, hospitals and urban re-development. Thus the modern American architecture worth talking about is a product of surplus – either the adventures of vast prestige-seeking corporations or the domestic toys of affluence. The balance seems to be much where it was in Frank Lloyd Wright's last hey-day but one in the Thirties, when 'Falling Water' (the house fantastically poised over a waterfall) and the Johnson Wax building at Racine were the prodigies. Now the topical prodigies are Philip Johnson's glass house at New Canaan and the Lever Building, New York.

Stylistically, the new American story offers one outstandingly important episode – the 'realisation' of Mies van der Rohe. Before Mies (now 73) went to America in 1938 he was known only as the architect of a few small, exquisitely disposed buildings and some important paper projects. In America he has built blocks of flats in Chicago, a skyscraper in New York and a component of the Illinois Institute of Technology, and in all of these he has proceeded without the slightest deviation from the perfectionist, 'less-is-more' line he had adopted as long ago as 1919. Mr McCallum tells us that for many Mies is 'the living embodiment of a moral absolute' and one can believe it. He has been the salvation of a generation of young men helpless under the spell of Le Corbusier and it is probably due to him more than anyone that inept quotations from Corb are notably absent from this book.

The ideas of Mies and his followers – like Philip Johnson and Gordon Bunshaft (of Skidmore Owings and Merrill) – seem to dominate American architecture at the moment. But there are lively eccentricities in the offing – the tough, original thought of Louis Kahn; the nursery nonsense of Bruce Goff; the ingenuities of Charles Eames, who likes designing out of catalogues; the Miesian Gothic of Minoru Yamasaki; and, of course, the 'geodesic' domes of Buckminster Fuller.

Of the youngest members of Mr McCallum's troupe, such as the obviously brilliant Paul Rudolph, Ulrich Franzen and Thornton Ladd, it is difficult as yet to make an assessment. They are involved in an architecture of floating ideas unlike anything that has been seen before – ideas from engineering, from empirical planning, from ancient dogma and modern sentiment, from the personal styles of the masters of the Twenties. It is a rich, exciting language whose vocabulary is always on the move and which since it has no grammar can never be ungrammatical. In these last twenty years it has become, in a mysterious and unexpected way, the natural architectural language of America.

JOHN SUMMERSON

In our American Literature number last September V. S. Pritchett wrote on the anthology *Protest: the Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men*, edited by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg. It will be published in this country by the Souvenir Press at 25s. on 23 March.

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The Bearings of Literature

The Use of Imagination. By WILLIAM WALSH. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

Poetry and Morality. By VINCENT BUCKLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

We are in the middle of an interesting discussion of the ways in which literature contributes to our general thinking, and the feeling that this is a central issue, in the long crisis of our society, seems to be growing. Yet it is obviously a very difficult discussion, and on the whole it seems likely to become more difficult, as its terms extend. It can already be claimed that the discussion is affecting our general thinking, and that the validity of certain disciplines derived from literature, as a way of approaching some of our more complex living problems, has been widely approved. Yet to anyone working in this field it is obvious how much remains to be done, in the way of definition as well as inquiry. Mr Buckley, in *Poetry and Morality,* is concerned primarily with the definition of one aspect of the discussion. Professor Walsh, in *The Use of Imagination,* inquires into the significance of literature as a guide to general thinking about education. Both books are welcome, and if we judge, finally, that neither quite succeeds, we must at once set this judgment in its context: of an exceptionally difficult as well as unusually stimulating argument.

The Use of Imagination is less a whole book than a linked series of essays. Professor Walsh examines a number of writers, from Wordsworth and Coleridge to Lawrence and Eliot, for the light they may throw on different aspects of education. In certain cases the light is real, and the method is abundantly justified. Coleridge, for example, wrote so brilliantly, if also fragmentarily, on the fundamental processes of learning that a careful exposition, such as Professor Walsh provides, is bound to be valuable. Lawrence again, both as a writer and as a trained teacher, had a great deal that is relevant to say, both on the mind and on our actual educational system. I found myself dissatisfied with the chapter on Lawrence, but that is partly dissatisfaction with Lawrence, in certain of his weak moods, to which, however, Professor Walsh seems to play. Precisely because I agree with Lawrence so often, I find the system he sketched in *Education of the People,* after much valuable criticism of the schools as he knew them, inadequate and even harmful.

Yet in chapters like these, the contribution of the book is real. There are others which seem to me borderline: Wordsworth on the growth of the mind; Coleridge, Arnold and Leavis on the education of an elite; writers on children, with examples from *Huckleberry Finn, What Maisie Knew, The Rainbow,* and the poetry of de la Mare. Everything depends, in such chapters, on the actual energy, the controlling sense of relevance, with which the undoubted stimulus to educational thinking is in fact carried out. Relevance is any man's definition, but it seems to me necessary to distinguish between the lives of children and the processes, formal and informal, by which they are educated. It is Professor Walsh's very just contention that much of our education is based on a narrowing and even degrading conception of the facts and possibilities of living, but it is surely the business of the educational theorist not only to demonstrate a fuller conception (which literature, among other things, has already done and will do) but also to translate that conception into terms directly applicable to that part of our growth which we call education because it is subject to our will and systematic control. In these borderline chapters, however, it is a matter of opinion which is direction and which gesture, and certainly some of the social comments seem to me vague and mechanical. Then there are other chapters, such as *Hopkins and a Sense of the Particular,* which seem to me not difficult (their literary criticism is on established lines) but baffling as contributions to this particular theme. The literary virtues are demonstrated, but unless there is interaction between these and some actual or possible educational process, the effect on many teachers is likely to be sour. 'Yes, that is literature; perhaps even it is education; but meanwhile, somehow, I must teach'.

In its total effect, *The Use of Imagination* is interesting, intelligent and humane. Such thinking is certainly necessary if the current educational debate is to be saved from the sterility of purely organizational arguments; the question is, organizing for what? Many difficult choices need to be clarified, in an area ranging from conceptions of society to conceptions of personality (to ask the relation of one skill to others is perhaps the central question). Professor Walsh's humane declarations are welcome, but a chapter of ordered conclusions and recommendations would have been the real challenge, to him and to us.

Mr Buckley has nothing of Professor Walsh's poise. His book is awkward and very obviously incomplete (one gives up counting the questions he raises to announce that he will not discuss them), and indifferent proof-reading and an introductory testimonial from Professor Willey (books have surely grown up beyond that kind of thing) serve to deepen this impression. Yet, in spite of these faults, it is a real book: the awkwardness a by-product of its restless intelligence and sincerity; the hesitancy a corollary of its anxious discipline. The relations between literature and morality can be discussed philosophically, and one feels very strongly the need for this, as Mr Buckley's introduction, the definition of what he calls the *status quæstionis,* creaks into the wind. Or they can be discussed critically – Mr Buckley's original intention – through the detailed judgment of actual works, in the process of which the effect of 'moral' and 'literary' factors can be practically explored. *Poetry and Morality,* in fact, examines the critical procedures of Arnold, Eliot and Leavis, with the question of 'moral judgment' in mind. The chapters on Arnold are a continual discouragement: scrupulous map-reading into a blind alley. But the chapters on Eliot are brilliantly searching, and those on Leavis are sympathetic and useful, though I doubt their conclusion. Mr Buckley is a Christian, and adds a useful appendix which convincingly corrects that curious school of 'Christian discrimination'. In the clarity and honesty of this kind of analysis, Mr Buckley has established himself as a voice to be heard with attention. The general argument, of course, will continue.

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Watchdogs in the House

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MPs will be delighted by this book. Dr Richards has decided that they are seldom quite so self-important or subservient as caricature has made them out to be, and his book should take the wrinkle out of many readers' noses when next they hear the word 'backbencher'. It is not a term which arouses much affection. It suggests unsuccessful attempts to achieve notoriety through self-advertisement, or successful attempts to hold on to £1,750 a year by conformity. There are members who are guilty on both counts. But generally speaking, Dr Richards's summing-up is fair:

> They perform functions central to the operation of the democratic system of government, by acting as the ultimate arbiter of the fate of Cabinets, as a channel of opinion between elections, and as a watch-dog over the executive.

There is only one word wrong here: they no longer determine the *fate* of a Cabinet, though they still have the power to do so. They determine its rate of progress. They are brakes and accelerators, not steering-wheels.

A large part of Dr Richards's book deals with the mechanism of politics in the House and in the constituencies. He tells us how candidates are chosen, how party committees are organised, how Private Bills flounder. Much of this information is available elsewhere, and the most original and successful chapters are those which must have been the most difficult to write for one who spends his time lecturing at Southampton University, and has never set foot in the Smoking Room. Somehow, probably by endless interrogation, he has divined exactly how reputations are made and lost, what Members felt but never said about the increases in their own pay, that the real enemy of the backbencher is not the Speaker nor even the Ministers, but the Civil Service, and that the Conservatives are more tolerant to dissenters than their opponents because in the Labour Party 'the right to vote in a private meeting is held implicitly to exhaust the moral right to object'.

All this is well observed. If Dr Richards goes wrong (apart from one sentence which made my hair stand on end: 'There is little evidence that constituency pressure affects voting in the Com-

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mons'), it is in his willingness to accept the valuation which MPs put on their job. He swallows the theory that it extracts from them 'a formidable toll'. It can, and from a few it does, particularly from Ministers. But for the average MP there is a great deal of free-wheeling in the parliamentary year, provided that he arranges his pairing sensibly, insists on keeping one weekend in four and a month's summer holiday to himself, and selects quite deliberately two or three subjects in which to interest himself, retaining no more than a nodding acquaintance with the rest. The recent spate of resignations from Parliament is due to a desire for more work, not less, and for leisure in place of mere idleness. It is often their own fault. Members should regard the House of Commons much as politically-minded peers regard the Lords, as a place for frequent visits and occasional demonstrations, but not as a place of residence.

Juggling with parliamentary procedure will not bring this about, though it may help. The remedy lies in the hands of the individual Member and his constituents. We will have reached perfection only when the latter distrust the former if his division record is too good, and when they demand to know when their Member last went abroad or made an original contribution to his party's policy. In his chapter on the constituencies, Dr Richards acknowledges the dangers of local party organisations identifying service to the Party with obedience to it. Perhaps he dwells on this danger too lightly, for it is a threat to Parliament greater than any whipping at Westminster, where tolerance has been more nicely balanced against discipline than Dr Richards appears to imagine. But then I am prejudiced.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Silk Socks in the Bookcase

Against Nature. By J. K. HUYSMANS. Translated by ROBERT BALDICK. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Nature is dead: 'There can be no shadow of doubt that with her never-ending platitudes the old crone has by now exhausted the good-humoured admiration of all true artists and the time has surely come for artifice to take her place whenever possible'. Are there any human beings as dazzling as the two new locomotives on the Chemin de Fer du Nord?

It is the voice of Huysmans and the Decadence. It died down but surprisingly was reborn in Surrealism; dying again, there are coarse echoes in the social protest of the 'beats'. The cult of artificiality or illusion quickly leads to *chi-chi* but Huysmans's *jeu d'esprit* was worth republishing as a little allegory of the brief pleasures and fœtal agonies of escapism. It is true that he is one of those strong scents that sour and sicken as they quickly fade, but a course of Huysmans might sophisticate the 'beats'. All the Decadents, the Dandies, satanists, splenetics and æsthetes asked for was a surcease from the sight of the bourgeois, and like Huysmans's aristocrat Des Esseintes, to explore sensibility and live in the imagination. Among the fards, jewelry, perfumes and liqueurs of the bachelor boudoir, fretted by some agreeable little neurosis, prompted by a gamey collection of classical authors, kept going by recollections of his antics with peculiar mistresses and fevered by ingenuity and good bad taste, Des Esseintes hoped to fend off the modern horror, the economic hell of 'the American bagnio'. He failed. The doctors told him to live like other people. When we read the eccentric now, he looks as though he got more out of his experiments than the 'beat' have got out of their's. Frustrating the fugitive gains of mescalin and marijuana with the pole-axe of alcohol, the grandchildren of the Decadents have moved, after two catastrophes, from little vices to the crime dreams of the psychopath. Perversity in literature soon dates and naughty old mandarins become musty; but the 'beats' will get the mildew earlier because they are not as witty as Huysmans was and do not write so well.

If it were not for his inventiveness, he would be a clever and airless bore. *A Rebours* was described as 'the breviary of the Decadence'; it is one to be kept out of sight under the pew. I greatly prefer Firbank. As a literary exercise, the book is interesting because Huysmans demonstrated that the documentary methods of Naturalism could be applied to the illusory and fantastic. His successes are in the comic and the macabre, where he anticipates the cold-hearted larks of the surrealists. There are well-known items; the display of silk socks in the bookcase, the jewelling of the tortoise, the black dinner-party. There is the richly comic and imaginary journey to London that ends in artificial fog and glasses of stout at a café near the Gare St Lazare. (Huysmans thought Guinness was æsthetically good for you!) There is Des Esseintes's ingenious choice of a ventriloquist as a mistress. He trains her to simulate the voice of an angry rival or husband shouting at the locked door, so providing himself with that sense of panic and danger which alone can rally his now feeble and uncertain powers. In lively moments like these, Huysmans emerges from the faded *luxe* of the essays on perfumery and the ecstasy of choosing the right curtains. His disgusts have a longer life than his fancies. Mr Baldick's introduction rightly notes that *A Rebours* has a good deal of moral survival left in it. His translation catches the alacrity of the author's intelligence and its modish touch. Huysmans drifted from the satanic to the mystical. It is a well-known course. His obsessions and his scabrous conversation–see Valéry's account of it–brought him to the Benedictine monastery where he died.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Power Network

Power at the Top. By CLIVE JENKINS. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

What kind of men control the nationalised industries? When Labour was in office its enemies accused it of packing the new Boards with power-hungry socialist politicians and superannuated trade union officials. 'Jobs for the Boys' was the shout, while its supporters, particularly those who worked in the industries concerned, answered, in more muted tones, the 'same old gang'

In *Power at the Top* Clive Jenkins has no difficulty in showing that the friends of public ownership are few and far between on the nationalised Boards; that many of the 'old gang' are back in the saddle. But this is incidental to a wider purpose: to establish that, under recent Conservative Governments, there has been 'a planned and purposeful counter-revolution which has resulted in a return of active adherents of the old property-possessing groups to direct managerial power in the nationalised industries.' According to Mr Jenkins, this 'counter-revolution' has been accomplished through, first, the appointment, as part-time Board members, of leading men from the power centres of the private sector and, second, the use of Committees of Inquiry (Herbert, Fleck, etc.) to remodel the public corporations in the image of private enterprise.

These are the opening charges. The case for the prosecution is marshalled in successive chapters on the airways, coal, transport, gas and electricity industries. Through the nationalised Board Rooms Mr Jenkins traces, with intricate care, the complex threads of connection that now link, in the persons of the part-time members (and some full-time members as well) the public sector with the great private corporations, with the merchant and deposit banks, with the insurance companies and with the leading figures of the Conservative Party. No wonder, then, with its enemies operating at the highest decision-making levels of the Ministries and the Boards, that BOAC and BEA have been denied routes in the interests of private airlines; that coal, gas and electricity continue to supply cheap power to swell the profits of the private sector. In short, while ownership remains nominally public, the nationalised industries have been captured from within.

The thesis of *Power at the Top* is not easy to prove or disprove. After the Report of the Bank Rate Leak Tribunal, no one should underestimate the influence of private business upon the conduct of public Boards. Nevertheless, the presence of influential part-time directors on nationalised Boards is not *in itself* evidence of decisive influence on policy – still less of 'planned and purposeful counter-revolution'. To buttress the case, other factors need to be considered. Not the least important is the – in retrospect – insane statutory obligation on the nationalised industries to 'break even, taking one year with another' During a period when the private sector has financed something like two-thirds of its own investment from retained profits – and has adjusted its prices accordingly – this provision has been tantamount to an obligation on the public sector to subsidise the private. But this stems from original policy, not from its subsequent manipulation. Again, there is no consideration of the functions of the part-time members, their relationships with their full-time colleagues or indeed the case for having part-time members at all. Without this, however, conclusions about both the purpose of their selection and the roles they have actually performed are bound to be extremely tentative. Less convincing is the charge that the public corporations, following the Committees of Inquiry, have been turned into 'carbon copies' of private corporations. In fact the recommendations have generally involved marginal adjustments rather than major changes. The truth is that from the start the nationalised industries were largely modelled upon large-scale private bureaucratic firms. And so they will continue, until socialist thinkers produce an alternative structure and philosophy of corporate control.

But is there not a deeper and more subtle determinant of public sector policy than either the presence of part-time Board members or the reports of these committees? Is it not inevitable, while the public sector remains the junior partner in a 'mixed economy', that its values and conduct, personnel and rewards should be heavily influenced by the dominant partner – at the very least, that attempts to establish a different ethos and separate modes of conduct are always up against the tilt of the system?

To make these points is not to deny the usefulness of this study. Its analysis of Board Room personnel, though difficult to digest, goes some way to establish the thesis of a power elite uniting, through interlocking membership and shared social backgrounds, the public and private sectors, the higher Civil Service and the Conservative Party. This is a development which the Labour Party would do well to watch.

PETER SHORE

★ ★ ★

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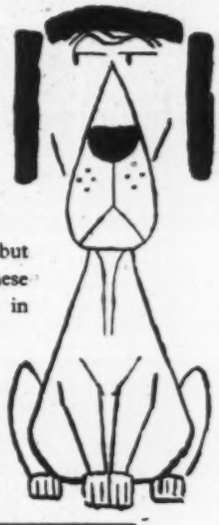
P. L. Giovannetti



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HARRY MILLER, author of *Menace in Malaya* (2nd imp.). This is the biography of Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra, the Malayan prince who became the first Prime Minister of Malaya. Illustrated. 18s. (April 20)

Book Society recommend THE PURPLE AND THE SCARLET

GUY SCHOFIELD. What happened after the close of the New Testament story? This intriguing book tells all that is known, and what may be surmised, about the fate of the disciples and the conflict between Roman authority and the Christians. 15s. (April 20)

A Selected List of Spring and Summer Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which have been announced for publication between now and September, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, which had already appeared in our selected list last autumn. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

K. J. CONANT: Carolingian and Romanesque Architecture. *Penguin*. 70*s*.
TREVOR DANNATT: Architecture in Britain since 1945. *Batsford*. 63*s*.
KERRY DOWNES: Hawksmoor. *Zwemmer*. 6 *gns*.
MICHAEL LEVEY: Painting in Eighteenth-Century Venice. *Phaidon*. 32*s*. 6*d*.
R. MUKERJEE: Culture and Art of India. *Allen & Unwin*. 42*s*.
ERICH NEUMANN: The Archetypal World of Henry Moore. *Routledge*. 40*s*.
NICOLAS POWELL: From Baroque to Rococo. *Faber*. 50*s*.
HERBERT READ: A Concise History of Modern Painting. *Thames & Hudson*. 28*s*.
BRYAN ROBERTSON: Jackson Pollock. *Thames & Hudson*. 70*s*.
LIONELLO VENTURI: Rouault. *Zwemmer*. 45*s*.

Autobiography, Memoirs, Letters

FRANK BAINES: In Deep. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 21*s*.
SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR (Tr. J. KIRKUP): Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter. *Deutsch* and *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 30*s*.
ALEXANDRE BENOIS (Tr. MOURA BUDBERG): Memoirs. *Chatto*. 25*s*.
DIANA COOPER: The Light of Common Day. *Hart-Davis*. 25*s*.
ADMIRAL DOENITZ: Memoirs. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 42*s*.
CHARLES DE GAULLE: Unity: War Memoirs, 1942-44. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 36*s*.
ERNEST JONES: Free Associations. *Hogarth*. 25*s*.
LAURIE LEE: Cider with Poppy. *Hogarth*. 16*s*.
LORD LUGARD (Ed. MARGERY PERHAM): Diaries 1889-1892. *Faber*. 3 vols. 8 *gns*.
R. MEINERTZHAGEN: Palestine Diary. *Cresset*. 35*s*.
MARY MIDDLETON MURRY: To Keep Faith. *Constable*. 16*s*.
NIKITINA (Tr. MOURA BUDBERG): Autobiography of a Ballet Dancer. *Wingate*. 15*s*.
BORIS PASTERNAK: An Essay Autobiography. *Collins* and *Harvill*. 15*s*.
I. SCHAPERA (Ed.): Livingstone's Family Letters, 1841-1856. *Chatto*. 30*s*.
EDGAR SNOW: Journey to the Beginning. *Gollancz*. 21*s*.
LEON TROTSKY: Trotsky's Diary in Exile, 1935. *Faber*. 21*s*.
T. H. WHITE: The Godstone and the Blackymor. *Cape*. 16*s*.

Biography

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CYRIL BIBBY: T. H. Huxley. *Watts*. 25*s*.
MICHAEL BRECHER: Nehru. *Oxford*. 42*s*.
KEITH BRIANT: Marie Stopes. *Hogarth*. 25*s*.
ALASTAIR BUCHAN: The Spare Chancellor: Walter Bagehot. *Chatto*. 25*s*.
J. G. CROWTHER: Francis Bacon. *Cresset*. 30*s*.
R. MACGREGOR DAWSON: Mackenzie King: Vol I, 1874-1923. *Methuen*. 60*s*.
ISAAC DEUTSCHER: The Prophet Unarmed: Trotsky, 1921-29. *Oxford*. 35*s*.
D. H. GREENE and E. M. STEPHENS: J. M. Synge. *Macmillan, New York*. 47*s*.
RICHARD HARE: Russian Personalities between Reform and Revolution. *Oxford*. 42*s*.
CHRISTOPHER HASSALL: Edward Marsh. *Longmans*. 42*s*.
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Bagehot Revisited

POLITICIANS, like authors, have their favourite critics, and in this sense Walter Bagehot was essentially a politician's writer. Others – Macaulay and Namier, for example – have written more brilliantly and more learnedly, stamping their doctrine of politics on the contemporary mind. Bagehot did not attempt to compose history, far less to found a school of historians. Yet successive generations of practical politicians feel, as they read him, 'Here is someone who knows how we tick'. When the first edition of *The English Constitution* was published in 1867, 'democracy' was still a dirty word; emerging British capitalism was still sheathed within an aristocratic tradition, and a ramshackle central government was still managed by a small, homogeneous ruling class, which felt quite capable of digesting the new entrepreneurs. It is not surprising that, when we read what Carlyle, Dickens and Trollope wrote about politics, we feel we are looking far back into the Victorian past. Why, then, do Bagehot's observations, both of men and of institutions, shine as bright as though they had been minted not a hundred but two years ago?

> The English constitution in its palpable form is this – the mass of the people yield obedience to a select few; and when you see this select few, you perceive that though not of the lowest class, nor of an unrespectable class, they are yet of a heavy sensible class – the last people in the world to whom, if they were drawn up in a row, an immense nation would ever give an exclusive preference.

I have not read a better description of the twentieth-century Establishment.

And what about this analysis of the qualities required for leading the House of Commons?

> A quick and brilliant leader is apt always to be speaking, whereas a leader should interfere only when necessary, and be, therefore, felt as a higher force when he does so. His mind ought to be like a reserve fund – not invested in showy securities, but sure to become at when wanted, and always of staple value. And this Lord Althorp's mind was: there was not an epigram in the whole of it; everything was solid and ordinary. Men seemed to have trusted him much as they trust a faithful animal, entirely believing that he would not deceive if he could, and that he could not if he would.

Lord Althorp was Leader of the House in 1832. A hundred years later Stanley Baldwin won the confidence of the Commons by a rather more self-conscious display of the same qualities. Conservatism is indeed unchanging!

> The present Conservative Government contains more than one member who regards his party as intellectually benighted; who either never speaks their peculiar dialect, or who speaks it condescendingly, and with an 'aside'; who respects their accumulated prejudices as the 'potential energies' on which he subsists, but who despises them while he lives by them.

And so is the House of Lords.

> A very shrewd man of the world went so far as to say that 'the House of Commons has more sense than any one in it'. But there is no such 'sense' in the House of Lords, because there is no life. The Lower Chamber is a chamber of eager politicians; the Upper (to say the least) of *not* eager ones.

Michael Foot sometimes suggests that the Whips and scorpions are a recent affliction. But Bagehot knew all about them:

> There is a legend that a distinguished Treasury official used to say of any case which was hopelessly and inevitably bad: 'Ah, we must apply our majority to this question'. No argument is so effectual as the mechanical, calculable suffrage of a strong, unreasoning party.

And the evils of the local party caucus were foreshadowed in *The English Constitution*.

> Constituency government is the precise opposite of Parliamentary government. It is the government of immoderate persons far from the scene of action, instead of the government of moderate persons close to the scene of action; it is the judgment of persons judging in the last resort and without a penalty, in lieu of persons judging in fear of a dissolution, and ever conscious that they are subject to an appeal.

In 1867 the Civil Service was still unreformed. Yet, in this description of Sir Robert Peel, Bagehot has caught the likeness of the 'great public servant' of modern times:

> A great administrator is not a man likely to desire to have fixed opinions. His natural bent and tendency is to immediate action. The existing and pressing circumstances of the case fill up his mind . . . To expect to hear from such men profound views of future policy, digested plans of distant action, is to mistake their genius entirely . . . Of course, it is not meant that a great administrator has absolutely no general views; some indeed he must have. A man cannot conduct the detail of affairs without having some plan which regulates that detail . . . But the difference is, that this plan is seldom his own; it is the plan of someone else. Providence generally bestows on the working adaptive man a quiet adoptive nature . . An acquiescent credulity is a quality of such men's nature; they cannot help being sure that what every one says must be true.

The Colonial Governor also gets his due:

> The first desire of a colonial governor is not to get into a 'scrape', not to do anything which may . . . cause an untimely and dubious recall, which may hurt his after career. He is sure to leave upon the colony the feeling that they have a ruler who only half knows them, and does not so much as half care for them. We hardly appreciate this common feeling in our colonies, because *we* appoint *their* sovereign; but we should understand it in an instant if *they* appointed *our* sovereign. We should then say at once, 'How is it possible a man from New Zealand can understand England?'

What of the Left? This passage from an essay on Lord Brougham seems to me to formulate with the most elegant precision the difference between Aneurin Bevan and Harold Wilson:

> The men who have in general exerted themselves in labours for others, have generally been rather of a brooding nature . . . They have no conception except of their cause; they are abstracted in one thought, pained with the dizziness of a heated idea. There is nothing of this in Brougham. He is excited by what he sees. The stimulus is from without . . . He is not absorbed in a creed: he is pricked by facts. Accordingly, his activity is miscellaneous.

And finally, the British case for democracy, in a single sentence:

> The only effective security against the rule of an ignorant, miserable and vicious democracy, is to take care that the democracy shall be educated, and comfortable, and moral.

What makes Bagehot so topical? Certainly not the unchanging character of the British Constitution. With the substitution of alternating Cabinet dictatorship for Parliamentary government, and the growth in the power of the party oligarchies, the British Constitution has changed out of all recognition since Bagehot described it. The House of Commons which, in his time, was an 'efficient' part of government, is now far on the way to joining the Monarchy as one of its 'dignified' elements. Like their Queen, the Commons will soon be left with 'the right to be consulted, the right to encourage and the right to warn'. Already control of legislation, as well as of expenditure, has been largely surrendered to the Cabinet; and the party oligarchies have stolen from the Commons the selection of Prime Ministers and the control of Ministries, which Bagehot correctly recognises as the foundation of representative institutions. Parliament, in fact, is following the Monarchy into that stratosphere whose inmates enjoy so much influence and so little effective power.

I am grateful to Mr Stevas for giving us this new selection from Bagehot's political writings*; since this has given me an excuse for re-reading the only Englishman who saw right through our politics without losing faith in freedom. It is well to be reminded how little the conduct of affairs in Whitehall and the motives of the politicians have changed in the last hundred years. Our mid-twentieth-century Establishment apparently retains all the main features of its mid-Victorian counterpart. Apart from an occasional general election, only sham battles are fought in public; the real decisions and the real conflicts all take place discreetly off-stage. As for the British people, its power to control its destiny is not markedly greater, now that it has the vote, than it was in the pre-democratic era. Neither the dangers of democracy which Bagehot predicted nor its potential benefits have yet been realised, because the electorate is content to leave effective power to self-perpetuating elites. And in this respect there is not much difference between the attitude of the new Labour supporter to the new Labour Establishment and that of the Conservative voter towards the older ruling class.

In a succinct but slightly supercilious introduction, Mr Stevas summarises what has happened since 1867 to make *The English Constitution* out of date. Yet, when I compared the original with the revised version produced by Mr Stevas, I was in no doubt who had described more accurately the realities of political life today. I

Walter Bagehot. By NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 36s.

is just not true, as Mr Stevas suggests, that 'the effect of the Queen on the credulous masses was somewhat exaggerated by Bagehot' or that democracy has made the British people less 'deferential' – in the peculiar sense that Bagehot uses that word. Before Mr Stevas writes another book, he should desert the libraries of Yale and, following Bagehot's example, enjoy the society of the politicians he is trying to describe.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

New Short Stories

Nabokov's Dozen. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill. By JOHN CHEEVER. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Victoria at Night. By ULI BEIGEL. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Heaven in Your Hand. By NORAH LOFTS. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Watercress Girl. By H. E. BATES. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The scenes are mostly familiar, so too are most of the names. But – since it is possible to be a dozen times more hopeful with a book of short stories than with a novel – how willingly we submit to the old claustrophobias, the bedrooms, hayfields, railway stations, nurseries, swimming pools and cocktail parties, for the sake of the magical twelfth. Even the exotic in the list, *Nabokov's Dozen,* falls into this design. Opening it, you might feel yourself at first in an aquarium: all these curious creatures rising through the author's memory, weaving about the greenish iridescence – what elegance! what absurdity! But that impression shouldn't last. The collection, covering more than twenty years in time, is not in the least consistent. Besides the heady and ornate dreams (best not to start with these), the childhood recollections (beautifully done), the playful essays (no less exquisite) in science fiction, and other near-fantasies, you can find at least three quite remarkable stories in three different moods. First of these is 'Signs and Symbols', a haunting tale of old parents with a son in an asylum. The next is a high comedy – Nabokov in one of his best narrative manners – called 'A Forgotten Poet'. The third is about one of a pair of Siamese twins in a show, recalling the single 'dull and forlorn attempt' they had made, as children, to escape. The end runs:

> To the thrushes we flushed we must have presented an extraordinary sight, with that black cloak around us and our two shorn heads on thin necks sticking out of it. The heads turned this way and that, warily, as at last the shore-line highway was reached. If at that moment some adventurous stranger had stepped on to the shore from his boat in the bay, he would have surely experienced a thrill of ancient enchantment to find himself confronted by a gentle mythological monster in a landscape of cypresses and white stones. He would have worshipped it, he would have shed sweet tears. But, alas, there was nobody to greet us there save that worried crook, our nervous kidnapper, a small doll-faced man wearing cheap spectacles, one glass of which was doctored by a bit of tape.

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill is about an American dormitory suburb where married couples at a comfortable income-level play out, after working hours, their anxious communal lives. What its people suffer from are boredom, insecurity, money troubles, jealousy, and being alone. What they enjoy are comfort, security, money, connubial affection, parental pride, and not being alone. An appealing little story 'The Worm in the Apple' suggests, indeed, that the people with more money are just so much happier than the people with less. Mr Cheever is not only one of the most brilliant and compassionate chroniclers of this tribal world but something of a moralist as well. Consider the title story which touches – certainly in Shady Hill's peculiarly worldly terms – on the interesting question of sin. When the respectable housebreaker-commuter gets back his lost job and repays (in secret) the money, all the old local pleasures flood back. *Life,* in fact, is renewed. Nonconforming, the banlieue-dweller must die.

Miss Uli Beigel is 23; *Victoria at Night* is her first book. Occupying the entire front cover, hair scraped back, her pert complacent round young face sends out a terribly knowing smile beyond the reader's left shoulder. A pity, really, this insistent portrait, for the stories have a maturer cleverness than the face suggests. Many of them deal with adolescents (to use the old-fashioned word) performing their ritual rebellion in the ritual pattern of domestic American middle-class life – one nightmare set against another. Who would be a parent in this setting? Who would be a parent's child? What Miss Beigel also presents, however, is the would-be conformist who is basically unable to conform. Her book contains two stories of exceptional quality, 'The Balancing Man' (a hallucinatory study of a boy in a thuggish gang) and 'The Mourners', a dry and frightening tale of a European exile who deliberately 'misplaces' his two young sons.

Heaven in Your Hands is a peculiarly satisfying collection, expert, pointed, original. You never can tell with English stories; they are always a gamble. For one thing they can't depend, like the Shady Hill school, on certain fixed codes: age-grouping, marital status, even money – these things simply haven't the same evocative powers. And where the American urban tale tends to be about couples, like Nabokov's monster, the English inclines to solitaries. Miss Lofts, for instance, writes about a mistress and servant, or a missionary, an elderly lady in a Home who attempts to see justice done. (This – 'All That is Necessary' – is a really brilliant tale.) And the *clou* of the title story, where a child learns that the envied also envy, is one of those simple unadmitted truths that seem like a revelation. See also Mr Cheever's findings.

> Heaven isn't something that 'lies about us in our infancy' and then is lost ; nor is it something to be attained by the exercise of impossible virtue. Heaven is something that you can hold in your hand.

One must admire Mr Bates who continues to strike out tales with such tireless freshness and range. Those of *The Watercress Girl* are mostly set in one of his well-tried habitats, that rustic scene which was once the English short-story world in itself: Coppard-land to the east, Powys-land to the west. The twist of Mr Bates's new tales is that, in each, the adult story is seen, fragmentary and uncomprehended, through the view of a child. What the boy remembers always of the watercress girl is her 'screeching, melancholy, marshy cry across the summer afternoon', and this expresses the mood of the tales, idyllic and cruel, as the lives of most young children are.

Mr Bates has a foible when on rustic ground: a horrible smock-and-gaiters heartiness – no escaping the warts and rheums and old-man's-lust. Happily, there is least of it in the two fine stories about poverty and its related grief, 'Let's Play Soldiers', a harsh little tale about the first World War, and the short, perfectly told 'The Far Distant Journey'. In tales like these Mr Bates can break the heart – the frangible thing, of course, that readers and playwatchers possess more often than people.

NAOMI LEWIS

Albert Memorial

The Prince Consort. By FRANK EYCK. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

According to the British constitution a Prince Consort, by virtue of his marriage to the Sovereign, has no more say in the ruling of the country than a Queen Consort, that is to say, none whatever. His business is to breed heirs to the throne: as far as the process of government is concerned he is, or should be, a political nonentity. Philip II of Spain was an ugly customer, yet we managed to keep him at arm's length. Prince George of Denmark was a model Consort: his offspring ran into double figures and he never attempted to raise a political finger. But Prince Albert refused to stick to the rules; when he married Queen Victoria he had no intention of retiring to stud. The Coburgs were an ambitious family of German princelings: they married where power was, as they itched to lay hands on it. Leopold with Princess Charlotte of England, Ferdinand with Maria of Portugal expected to share their thrones as well as their beds, as did Albert with Victoria, despite the British constitution. How the Prince managed to subjugate his wife, who was an insubordinate little woman at the best of times, is one of those secrets of the alcove we are never likely to know. But Disraeli's ironical obituary comment to a German diplomat – 'If he had outlived some of our old stagers, he would have given us the blessings of absolute government' – was not far wide of the mark. Albert never flinched from his

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DENT

duty – to his Coburg self, which was to be King of England in all but name, and an old-fashioned Stuart sort of King, at that.

Prince Albert's relentless interference in British politics is very stale news. Whig and Tory statesmen complained of it sourly at the time; and the most glaring instance, in the eviction of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office, has often been elaborately discussed on the basis of the historical material available. But as the Prince conducted his campaigns methodically under cover of his wife's Crown, he was a difficult target to shoot at without hitting the whole institution of constitutional monarchy in the person of Queen Victoria and her successors. Besides, the crucial evidence for proper criticism was lacking. Albert was famous as a composer of memoranda with which he pummelled Cabinet Ministers and which he kept in enormous files. But where were they? Safely tucked away *incommunicado* in the Royal Archives at Windsor.

For this political history of the Prince Consort Mr Eyck has at last been granted royal permission to consult these Windsor documents and publish extracts from them verbatim; and the book opens up a vast mine of new information to which it is impossible to do justice in a short review. Mr Eyck himself (whether out of deference to the present Queen's great-great-grandfather or out of genuine sympathy with Albert's self-appointed mission to improve the world in general and Victorian England in particular) regards this work as a rehabilitation of the Prince after years of ignorant defamation by earlier historians. More sceptical and radical-minded readers will be confirmed in their view that he was a self-seeking Coburg at heart, deluding himself with airs of high-minded genius. And Mr Eyck never squarely faces the prime objection to Prince Albert's spate of smug memoranda: what business of his was it to compose them at all? Meddle, meddle, meddle – the precise fault of which he liked to accuse old Palmerston!

There is no space for a battery of damning quotations, but one letter in 1848 to King Leopold strikes an authentic Coburg note. Naturally Albert took Austria's side against the Italian *risorgimento* which Palmerston, equally naturally, supported. 'We have perhaps been of more use to the Austrians than they can suspect and have incessantly waged war for them with Pilgerstein in which he got many an ugly poke.' Pilgerstein = Palmerston. Albert was thought rather a wit in Coburg circles.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Fact and Fancy

A Door Ajar. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Hale.* 15*s.*

The Flame Trees of Thika. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

The Plague House Papers. By ROBERT NEUMANN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

On a December night in 1930 a huge limousine ('the last word in elegance') drew up in front of the Casino at Cannes. At the wheel sat the young Mr de Polnay, a small fortune in his pocket. Although only 23, he had come a long way already. After a stuffy Edwardian upbringing, he had escaped to Patagonia, where he worked as a farm labourer. After this he joined an expedition to search for Colonel Fawcett, played roulette in Montevideo, cleaned trams in Brazil. Then he inherited money, and made for the tables again.

A Door Ajar is mostly about how Mr de Polnay lost his inheritance. There are two long sections called Winning (which he began by doing) and Losing. Not surprisingly, losing is more interesting to read about. What emerges is that for the gambler it is gambling for gambling's sake, and the money is less important than the gratification of his vanity. Indeed it often happens that winners with a long run of luck will start to limit their winnings, once the operations of vanity are stilled; but losers never let up until the last sou has gone. Towards the end, Mr de Polnay was not particularly worried about his money, but he was concerned to preserve the 'false panache' that his pride required. 'Nothing gave me greater pleasure', he says, 'than to overhear them say he knows how to lose.' As for winning, he strikes at the heart of the matter in this notable statement:

> To win at cards and especially in a public place like a well-appointed casino makes the ego burst with pride and contentment. Everything that is lackadaisical, humdrum and monotonous is proved to be wrong if with two cards one can prove that luck is on one's side. A woman once put it to me in a nutshell: she said that when she won she felt she was beautiful: when she lost she knew she was an old bag.

Mr de Polnay has not gambled since that time, and it is an achievement that he should recall this strange, hermetic world with such precision.

The sub-title of Mrs Elspeth Huxley's new book is 'Memories of an African Childhood': the memories are of Kenya in the year 1913, when the author was seven. Her father had bought five hundred acres of bush land from a man in a bar in Nairobi; the land was in wild Kikuyu country, and the family hoped to grow coffee on it. Their early struggles are described in detail, though perhaps the detail is too close to be quite convincing,

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considering the age of the young Elspeth. The passages that really come alive deal with the self-concerned world of the child: the marvellous pets, the niceness or nastiness of the grown-ups, the discomforts of life in the bush.

Writing today, Mrs Huxley remembers things like the day that a neighbour told them he had woken to find a hyena at the foot of his bed, gazing into his eyes. She remembers the wonders that came her way, as when she saw the beautiful mating dance of the whydah-bird; and the horrors, when her mother shot a pregnant duiker, or the witchdoctors mutilated a living goat. At a deeper level, Mrs Huxley conveys brilliantly the child's first shocked sense of the anguish and despair, born of ignorance and fear, that bedevils the lives of primitive people such as the Kikuyu were then. Again she remembers how, riding out one morning, the family came to a village where Europeans had not often been:

> The women in the shambas straightened up to watch us and some ran for shelter like bolting hares, their babies bobbing on their backs, for they had never seen mules or ponies before and thought that they were evil spirits or monstrous objects like centaurs; the whole concept of a man sitting on a beast was wild and strange.

Whenever the memory is rooted in childhood, as here, the writing is fresh and the vision convincing. However, Mrs Huxley is not content with the intense but partial insights of the innocent eye; again and again, she gives herself the benefit of later knowledge. No doubt a lonely little girl on an African farm sees as much of what she shouldn't as any child, but one cannot believe that Elspeth was quite so well up on the infidelities of her elders as Mrs Huxley claims. Reading these passages with their knowing air, one feels that a true and moving story is being tricked out with a sort of inferior fiction.

We are warned to expect this touching-up process again in the preface to *The Plague House Papers*. It is not a straight autobiography, says Mr Neumann ominously, but rather an example of Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, 'a book of Fancy à propos of Facts'. The Plague House is Mr Neumann's home in the Weald of Kent: it was built in the fourteenth century as an isolation hospital, and Defoe once hid there from his creditors. From his first day in the house, Mr Neumann kept this journal which is a sort of whimsical causerie made up of anecdotes about his ancestors, memories of his childhood in Vienna, and a log of his daily life. In the process Mr Neumann is generously revealing about himself. Endearingly enough, most of his stories are to his discredit. He is not a man who forgives and forgets. A boy who worsted him at school has been paid off, 'over the decades', by having the villains of three of Mr Neumann's novels named after him. Elsewhere he reflects with satisfaction, after describing how he did somebody down: 'Only the combination of conceit and thrift has remained faithful to me all through my life'. This is the very stuff of egotism, and all the great autobiographies are made of it. The only other essentials are shamelessness and a sense of humour. These Mr Neumann lacks: unfortunately he is a vain man and therefore no Rousseau.

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Yugoslav Chronicler

The Bridge on the Drina. By IVO ANDRIC. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s*.

Bosnian Story. By IVO ANDRIC. *Lincolns-Prager.* 21*s*.

Inevitably, our interest in Yugoslav writing is somewhat political. We are anxious to know whether Tito's regime is more favourable to the creative writer than Stalin's or Krushchev's. Andric's two novels give no direct answers, since both were written during the German occupation. Moreover, they are not concerned with contemporary Yugoslav life. However, the fact of Andric's leading position in Yugoslav literature gives us a clue. He is a fine, controlled writer, committed to no sectarian view of life. The real impetus behind these novels, the controlling emotion, is a humane patriotism.

Neither of these books is a novel as we normally understand the term. The time-span of *The Bridge on the Drina* covers nearly four hundred years. Naturally, there is no hero; or rather, the hero is the people of Visegrad itself, divided into many bitterly hostile communities – Moslem, Orthodox and Jewish. Yet underneath there is one community, where each must live with all. The bridge gradually develops symbolic overtones. It was built in the sixteenth century at the order of a Grand Vizier, who in boyhood was forcibly taken to Stambul as part of the blood-tribute exacted by the Turks. The bridge is a realisation of his yearning to re-establish contact with his distant homeland. In turn, it comes to symbolise a whole population's yearning for unity amid division. It stands for the common humanity of Christian and Turk.

Around the bridge, history enacts itself. Really, this is a chronicle rather than a novel. A chronicle illumines history as no other writing can. We learn more about the wars of Stephen and Matilda from the chronicler's simple sentence 'and men said openly that Christ and his Apostles slept', than from any catalogue of mere facts.

Here, we witness history becoming folk-lore and song. A rebellious Christian serf is impaled alive. In a great flood the religious leaders of all communities are for a moment united in face of a common peril. A proud girl throws herself into the Drina rather than marry and her song echoes down the pages and the years. The Turks lose Hungary and Serbia and this affects the relations between communities. The Austrians move in and the Turkish nobility is humbled. On the bridge, nationalist students argue the doctrines that lead to the assassination at Sarajevo. Finally, the Austrians leave, blowing the bridge in half.

The author's comments are sometimes tendentious and the multiplicity of characters confusing. Yet the cavalcade of merchants, lovers, drunkards and fanatics, involved in history yet fulfilling their personal destinies, comes vividly to life. The novel has no shape; or rather, only the shape of events themselves. It flows rather than progresses. Yet there is control and a powerful, panoramic artistry. Andric has sought to re-create and understand an obscure and tortuous national past. As such, this novel is an impressive achievement.

Bosnian Story, however, is the better novel, because it really is almost a novel, though, still, nearer to history. The scene is Travnik, administrative capital of Bosnia, during the seven years before the fall of Napoleon. Daville, poetaster and family man, goes to Travnik as Napoleon's consul. The real theme is the clash between enlightened but war-tormented Christian Europe and the savage conservatism of oriental Europe. Through Daville, we experience its squalor, violence and terrible silence. Daville struggles valiantly with the communal hatreds of Turks, Catholics, Orthodox and Jews. Much of his time he is in competition with the dry, wife-tormented Austrian consul. But his real arena is the Vizier's residency. Viziers come and go as Sultan murders Sultan. One Vizier, a shrewd Georgian in love with the sea, Daville tries to interest in Racine, and fails. Another, like 'a scarecrow erected in some land of fantasy to scare away birds of Paradise', will only discuss human mutability. The eddying life of eccentrics, buffoons and neurotics that sways through the consulates and the residency reveals Andric as a master of high tragi-comedy.

Andric is no provincial. He understands Western Europe, its politics and ideology. The westerners are really the long shadows cast by European history. Over all stalks the giant shadow of Napoleon, whose influence gathers together these disparate people, and whose fall scatters them again. What remains are the Moslem dignitaries in the bazaar, the churches and the peasants. Yet Andric shows that Travnik is in Europe, despite distance, division and utter obscurity. It is impressively done. Andric is certainly a major writer, though not exactly a major novelist. He is a kind of Slav Sir Walter Scott, a great writer of fictional history, with something of the power of a Gorky. It is good that he is available.

GABRIEL PEARSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,517 **Set by Walter Allen**

A plaque has been unveiled at the Davidson Secondary School, Croydon, commemorating the fact that 'David Herbert Lawrence, novelist and poet, was a master of this school, 1908-11'. The usual prizes are offered for the best comment, as from Lawrence himself, in the manner of *Pansies*. Limit 16 lines; entries by 31 March.

Result of No. 1,514 Set by J. E. Miller

The good Organisation Man (says William H. White in his book on the subject) loves his father and mother – but his father a little more – likes things pretty well the way they are, never worries much about anything, doesn't care for books or music much, loves his wife and children but doesn't let them get in the way of his work. Competitors are invited to suggest personal qualifications for three of the following: Test cricket reporter; public relations officer; Royal Court playwright; TV quizmaster; Action painter; Method actress; Tory foreign secretary.

Report

Nobody loved any of the occupational types whose qualifications were to be described, and most competitors loved Tory Foreign Secretaries least, with the result, perhaps, that though they bulked large they were the least convincing. But there were fine flashes. I liked Stephen Sedley's 'Hobby: writing secret poems for publication', and Rhoda Tuck Pook's 'Admirably and unobtrusively married. An even better linguist than he appears.' M. Prior had him nicely placed: 'A Top Man, but not thereby a Summit Man, he will read *The Times* – but follow the *Daily Express*.' Method actresses were rare, and Desmond Skirrow's is worth quoting in full:

> . . . born in South Carolina of illegitimate parents and looks like it, cooked hominy grits for Eli before he compromised, and has trouble with her teeth. She thinks things are pretty significant all round and resents it. She is able to feel things fiercely.

Nimai Chatterji ingeniously combined all the occupational types listed:

> Royal Court playwright reads Brecht and Buchner; action painter reads Suzaki, Kierkegaard and Buber; Method actress reads Faulkner, Tennessee Williams and Stanislavsky; PRO reads *Who's Who*; Tory foreign secretary reads *The Times*; Test cricket reporter reads *Wizard* and *Hotspur*; and TV quizmaster doesn't read anything.

Without question, it was PROs and TV quizmasters who brought the worst out in competitors. 'The good TV quizmaster is a family man just like us' (Desmond Skirrow). 'Believes in helping lame dogs over non-existent stiles' (Stanley J. Sharpless). 'Can cram lifelong friendship into two minutes' (Lyndon Irving). 'Is gentle in the home, venting his sadistic impulses elsewhere' (Hilary). 'Looks good, can count up to twenty and knows all the answers' (Sunbeam). 'Favourite flower – Narcissus' (P. W. R. Foot). As for the PRO, 'Religious beliefs so tolerant as to lack definition' (Rhoda Tuck Pook). 'Prefers truth to falsehood on the whole, but isn't fanatical about it' (Stanley J. Sharpless). 'Even as a schoolboy he said "we", rather than "I"' (S. Radice).

Highly commended: Jeremiah Sowerby, Stanley J. Sharpless, Rhoda Tuck Pook, Desmond Skirrow, H. A. C. Evans, J. Timson, Granville Garley and H. C. Williams. One and a half guineas for each of the entries printed.

TEST CRICKET REPORTER: Thinks cricket, lives cricket, sleeps cricket. Writes about anatomy, climate, ecology and spheroids.

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER: Comes from bottom fairly good school. Fervid believer in benefits of conviviality. Thinks world waits on one leg to hear his master's voice. Loves family when allowed to go home.

ACTION PAINTER: Buys paint regularly. Respects and understands his own incomprehensibility and tells us why we don't. Has flat feet, rides bicycle.

L. G. UDALL

TEST CRICKET REPORTER: Knows more ('between you and I') about cricket than the umpire, is friendly with players, but gives them away when necessary; and writes jargon—either plain or Cardus-ian.

TORY FOREIGN SECRETARY: Loves official airplane jaunts, thinks foreigners necessary evil, reads only *The Times*, speaks only English; believes Communists would be good Tories if they played cricket.

TV QUIZMASTER: Has well-developed sense of humour, much mock modesty and capacity for surprise; apparently believes all concerned are enjoying intellectual exercise.

ALLAN M. LAING

TV QUIZMASTER: Severely just exterior, tempered by evident joy in philanthropic vocation; continuous benevolent beam; atomic radiation of open-hearted largesse; sense of calling, and pride in intellectual attainments of fellows.

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G. PARKER

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ROYAL COURT PLAYWRIGHT: Doesn't love anybody, but pities his mother, likes damp alleys that smell of decayed vegetables, and hates everything long-established except grievances.

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8 Hours in BRUGES

City Lights

Trade in a Cold Climate

Order-books are shrinking, trade squabbles are becoming more acrimonious: free traders, as Dr Erhard will tell you, are the first to suffer in a business recession. Take America, with her wool tariff quota, her quotas on lead and zinc imports, her restrictions on imports of oil, her rejection of the English Electric tender for the Greer's Ferry dam contract, her refusal to consider adopting the Decca navigation system. You can call these pin-pricks if you don't happen to be in one of the industries affected, and it is true that British exports to America have remained remarkably buoyant throughout the recession. But the demand for protection is undoubtedly growing stronger – British wages seem to an American as unfairly low as Hong-Kong wages seem to us – and it was this, no doubt, which drove Sir David Eccles last week into an open attack on American trade policy. And Mr Macmillan is to take the matter up in Washington.

If Britain and the Commonwealth are to be shut out of Europe, of course, the North American market becomes as vitally important to them as the Anglo-American alliance. There is still no sign of a break in the European deadlock. The Six are to submit their recommendations on forming a 'European market' to a new special committee which will submit its report at some unspecified date in the future, but there is no reason at the moment to suppose that it will be any more acceptable than its predecessor. The accession of de Gaulle has only hardened the suspicious stubbornness of France and seasoned it with dreams of leadership; close relations with Germany will ensure that France has her rightful place in a united Europe which will be one of the world's great powers and from which Britain will be excluded. Economics and politics – witness Berlin – are now inextricably confounded with one another in Europe, and the Foreign Office could take over the trade negotiations if only Mr Maudling were Foreign Secretary. Meanwhile seven of the excluded countries are holding private talks in Stockholm on what should be done next. Everybody's chief anxiety at present is to prevent anyone from making separate bilateral arrangements with the Common Market and so conceding the fight.

* * *

The latest increase in American discount rates will have at least one effect – to accentuate the recent tendency for hot money to move back across the Atlantic. There were three main reasons for the massive outflow of dollars which helped to cushion the rest of the world from the US recession: nervousness about the future of the dollar itself, increased awareness (with Wall Street high) of the investment opportunities available abroad, and the relatively high level of interest rates in Europe. Now, with European short-term rates falling and US rates rising, the more volatile part of this money is beginning to return home and to make such strong currencies as the Swiss franc look a trifle off-colour. Grandma, knowing the part that rising sterling balances have played in the growth of the gold reserve, has kept Bank Rate at four per cent.

* * *

The City has been full of little domestic excitements this week. There was Lintang, a shell company which Mr Maxwell Joseph is using to hold a number of his properties, including the Dolphin Square block he recently acquired from Costain. A number of the shares were placed privately at 11s. 9d., and the price rose to over 20s. within minutes of the start of dealings; 500 brokers were queued up when the Stock Exchange doors opened at 9 o'clock and some of them are said to have been there all night. The few shareholders in the old company who refused bids of 3s. 9d. and 7s. 6d. for their 2s. shares now see them worth over £7 apiece.

Then there was the magazine battle. No sooner was it announced that the *Mirror*, which recently acquired Amalgamated Press, was to close down *Everybodys*, *Home Chat* and *TV Mirror*, than news came that Odhams, which considered counter-bidding for AP but thought better of it, was bidding for Hultons. Since the directors hold 59 per cent. of the capital and are in favour, the bid will probably succeed.

What more in a few lines? The big HP houses have now agreed on minimum deposit and maximum repayment terms for used vehicles, but not for new ones. The Terylene patents case has been decided: Calico Printers (and ICI) is to get its extension, but only for half the time claimed. British Nylon Spinners, which ICI shares with Courtaulds, has reported profits down from £9.6m. to £4.9m.: since the drop is largely due to higher raw material costs and ICI supplies the raw material it need not be taken too seriously. Finally, the government has decided to match its £50m. loan to Colvilles with a £60m. loan to Richard Thomas & Baldwins, which is still nationalised. There is some justification for putting up prior-charge capital to work for the equity when the equity is held by the nation.

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The Chess Board

No. 488. Breach in the Stonewall

Not a word against the well-tried system that may evolve from the Dutch or other defences of QP-games, and is commonly called the 'Stonewall'. True enough, it has gone a bit out of fashion, but then in the theory and practice of chess openings, the fashions change as much as anywhere else, one of the few invariable aspects being the experience that a move that used to be dubbed with a question mark may well rate an exclamation mark before long (and vice versa). We may go into this some other time, today I merely wish to illustrate the fact that when two imaginative players go in for much the same opening variation they may well produce some fairly similar, or even completely identical games. That usually happens when the opponent, soon after the opening, has made a weak move which offers the opportunity of a winning combination immediately enforceable. It happens rather more frequently than may be expected, but it isn't nearly as interesting as a less obvious and more subtle similarity appearing merely in the style of the two games and in their equal key-note, as it were: a key-note such as an early and devastating Q & B attack along the long diagonal. Now let's look at Panno's win against Olivera at Mar del Plata, last spring.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-QB3; (4) P-K3, QKt-Q2; (5) Kt-B3, P-KB4; (6) Q-B2, Q-B3; (7) P-QKt3, B-Q3; (8) B-Kt2, Kt-K2; (9) B-Q3, P-QR3; (10) O-O-O, P-QKt4? (P-K4!); (11) Kt-K5! [Here Panno starts his attack with a very well considered P-sacrifice], KtxKt; (12) PxKt, BxP; (13) P-B4!, BxKt [Practically forced, since a retreat of the B would allow White's KtxP]; (14) BxB, Q-B2; (15) Q-Kt2, O-O; (16) P-B5! [That's the position envisaged by Panno on his 11th move. The impotence of the Black B is almost pathetic and White can build up his attack without any fear of interference], Kt-Kt3; (17) P-KR4, P-KR4; (18) Q-K2, Kt-K2; (19) R-R3!, P-Kt3 [Now the 'stonewall' would seem to be complete, but see how it crumbles]; (20) R-Kt3, K-R2; (21) R-Kt5! [Now the horrible threat of P-KKt4 begins to loom], K-R3; (22) R-R1, B-Q2; (23) P-Kt4!, BPxP (forced); (24) B-K5 [Panno can afford to bide his time; the victim mustn't have the chance of . . . P-K4], Kt-B4; (25) RxP(g4)!!, PxR; (26) QxP, B-K1; (27) P-R5!, resigns.

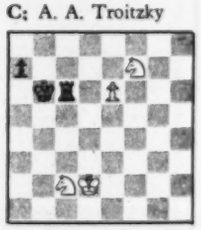
I had this pretty game earmarked for some time, but I am glad I held it over until I happened to come across an equally pretty companion piece in the American *Chess Review:* a game won by Capablanca in 1912.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-K3, P-K3; (3) B-Q3, P-QB3; (4) Kt-KB3, B-Q3; (5) QKt-Q2, P-KB4; (6) P-B4, Q-B3; (7) P-QKt3, Kt-KR3; (8) B-Kt2, O-O; (9) Q-B2, Kt-Q2; (10) P-KR3, P-KKt3; (11) O-O-O, P-K4; (12) PxKP, KtxP; (13) PxP, PxP; (14) Kt-B4!!, PxKt [What else?]; (15) BxQBP ch, Kt-B2; (16) RxB!, QxR; (17) KtxKt, B-K3; (18) R-Q1, Q-K2; (19) R-Q7!!, BxR; (20) KtxB, KR-B1; (21) Q-B3, RxB; (22) PxR, resigns.

4-pointer **A** is another game-position by Capablanca. /8/p1q2pkp/2Pr2p1/8/P3Q3/6P1/5P1P/2R3K1/. Even beginners should see at a glance how White forced the win in a couple of moves. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins, the former very easy, the latter an instructive example of the 2 Kts v. K & P ending that may happen to any of us in any game. Not quite as difficult as may be expected, but not too easy either. Usual prizes. Entries by 31 March.

B: Josef Krejcic 1956

C: A. A. Troitzky



REPORT on No. 485. Set 28 February.

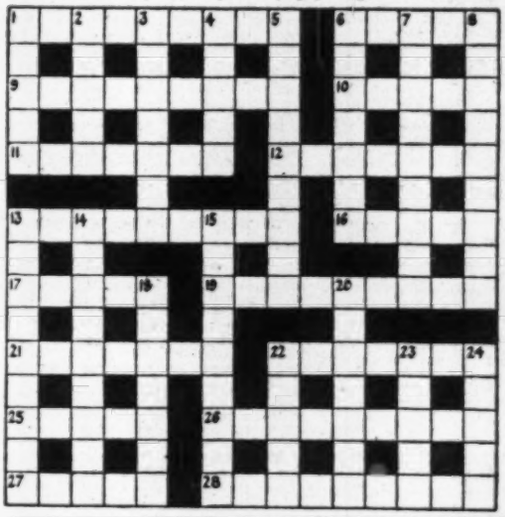
A: . . . Q-R7 ch; (30) K-B1, Q-R8 ch; (31) BxQ, RxB ch; (32) K-Kt2, B-B6 mate.
B: *Key:* Q-Kt2.
C: (1) P-Kt3 ch!, KxP (best); (2) P-QB4! (P-R7?), B-K1; (3) B-B3!, P-K5; (4) B-R5!, B-B3; (5) B-B7, B-R1!; (6) B-Q5, P-B3; (7) P-B5 ch!! etc.
(1) . . . BxP refuted by (2) P-QB4, and (1) . . . K-R4 by (2) P-Kt4 ch, K-R5; (3) P-QB4, B-K1; (4) P-Kt5 etc.

A good many correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, M. P. Furmston, C. Sansom, A. J. Sobey, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 347

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 347, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 31 March.



ACROSS

1. The Durham area perhaps is reserved about the boy (9).
6. Twisted the injured place (5).
9. Vigorous revision of my casting (9).
10. 'O —— Love, half angel and half bird' (Browning) (5).
11. Gone broke after a failure in indignation (7).
12. Publish again in various universal series (7).
13. Fresh rush for the paper (9).
16. Put the information before us in class (5).
17. Deprived of man one tree has turned into many (5).
19. Rest is too disturbed for the long-lived (9).
21. They go on shoes to the back room (7).
22. The archaeologist who first discovers what the potter uses (7).
25. Aside for a role (5).
26. Somehow tries a lot in Greek (9).
27. Guide an animal (5).
28. Repeal my ten reformed and become worth copying (9).

DOWN

1. Imprisoned for years in a patriotic organisation (5).
2. Threw fit on the sea (5).
3. Winning at snooker as a preconcerted affair? (7).
4. 'I marvel thy master hath not —— thee for a word' (*L.L.L.*) (5).
5. Painter of scenery on a mountain (9).
6. Taking strides when the rule is put up above the ruler (7).
7. Revo'ts forcing open inside us (9).
8. Tributes about a game for ladies (9).
13. Gear for titled internationals, by the sound of it (9).
14. West is successfully putting on beer indiscriminately (9).
15. Almost bury on condition there is no will (9).
18. Once on the stage, now an extortioner (7).
20. Those one loves come up to one for a dance (7).
22. Compose a ceremony, by the sound of it (5).
23. Girl who uses everything with thanks (5).
24. Sounding like a wind instrument in three dying phrases (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 345

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 345

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PERSONAL

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LADY, 33 (Jewish), like join group for holiday Aug. home/abroad. Box 7005.

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STATISTICIAN (Assistant Planning Officer (Research) – APT Special Grade (£750-£1,030) for County Borough of Southampton, Borough Architect's Department. Duties: Research, Compilation of planning statistics; Direction of survey work on population, employment, etc., in connection with review of Development Plan. Qualifications: University Degree in economics or other appropriate subject, with special reference to statistics. Commencing salary according to experience. Candidates should state housing requirements. Application Forms from the Borough Architect, Civic Centre, Southampton, returnable by 3 April 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MINISTRY of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food: Senior Scientific Officers. One post at Harpenden for Organic or Analytical Chemist, preferably with experience of plant protection chemistry, to act as Secretary to a crop protection committee. The duties involve some administrative work and some travelling. One post at Aberdeen for a Physical Chemist, preferably with experience in reaction Kinetics or radiation chemistry. Both posts are pensionable, and require 1st or 2nd class honours degree in chemistry with at least 3 years' post-graduate experience. Men and women aged at least 26 and under 31 (with extension for Forces and Overseas Civil Service) may apply. Men's salary scale £1,200 (or higher in exceptional cases) – £1,420 in Aberdeen, £30 less in Harpenden. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form quoting S.53/59.

INSTRUCTOR Branch, Royal Navy. Applications are invited for Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. The primary requirement is for men of good personal qualities with degrees (or the equivalent) in Mathematics, Physics or Engineering (Mechanical, Electrical and Aeronautical) but graduates in Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography or English will also be considered. An additional requirement exists for non-graduates with teaching qualifications. Service in the Instructor Branch combines all the advantages of life in the Royal Navy – e.g., comradeship, travel, a wide variety of cultural and sporting activities, a high standard of living, responsibility, etc – with the opportunity to utilise scientific, technological and professional qualifications to the full. The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the lastest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy. Note also: Students in their final year may apply. Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years, and may be extended up to 10 years. A Short Service Commission discharges liability for National Service. Starting pay is £511 p.a. rising to £620 p.a. after 1 year's service (£620 p.a. rising to £839 for 1st and 2nd Class Honours Graduates) plus marriage, lodging, ration allowances, etc., where appropriate. (At age 30 a married Honours graduate could be earning about £1,750 p.a.). £405 tax free gratuity after a Short Service Commission of 3 years and pro rata for longer. Service in the Instructor Branch is recognised by the Ministry of Education as 'approved external service'. Short Service Officers may apply for Permanent Commissions. Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old and medically fit. For further details apply to: Director, Naval Education Service (P/15), Admiralty, London.

CENTRAL Office of Information, Social Survey, invites applications for the following posts: (1) Two Senior Research Officers required to conduct sample surveys covering wide range of Social and Economic problems. Selected candidates will carry full responsibility for surveys and will be free to devise fresh methods of approach to problems but will have at their disposal highly skilled technical sections covering sampling, interviewing, coding and tabulation. Applicants must have a University Degree in one of the Social Sciences or Statistics or full-time experience in a research organisation; must be able to show evidence of previous work done. Posts are graded Senior Information Officer (unestablished). (Ref. PE.461.) Salary £1,395 to £1,660 (men); £1,345 to £1,600 (women). (2) Two Research Officers required to conduct, and assist in conduct of sample surveys covering wide range of Social and Economic problems. Selected candidates will be free to devise fresh methods of approach to problems and will work with highly skilled technical sections covering sampling, interviewing, coding and tabulation. Preference will be given to applicants with a University Degree in one of the Social Sciences or Statistics but consideration will be given to applicants with a diploma or full-time experience in a research organisation. Posts are graded Information Officer (unestablished). (Ref. PE.462.) Salary £1,150 to £1,330 (men); £1,102 to £1,280 (women). (3) Assistant Research Officer to assist with sample surveys covering wide range of Social and Economic problems. Quals. are a University Degree or Diploma or exp. of survey work. Some knowledge of statistical methods an advantage. Post is graded Assistant Information Officer (unestablished). (Ref. PE.463.) Salary according to exp. and quals., rising to max. of £1,085 (men); £1,038 (women). Write to Ministry of Labour and National Service, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4, quoting relevant P.E. Number and give age and full details of quals. and exp. Only those applicants selected for interview will be advised.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, London, NW8. Psychiatric Social Worker for Adult and Children's Dept – staff of 2. Interesting duties in modern day hospital methods of treatment under the NHS. Candidates (male or female) should possess the Mental Health Certificate. Whitley Council salary scale. Detailed applications, with names of two referees, to Medical Director immediately.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LIBRARIAN, Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food: Pensionable post at the Veterinary Laboratory, Weybridge, Surrey, for man or woman at least 22 on 1.3.59. Qualifications: Fellowship or Associateship of Library Association, or diploma of London University School of Librarianship. Knowledge of French and German desirable. Experience in medical, scientific or technical library an advantage. Salary (men) £635 (25 or over) rising initially to £1,055, with promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4935/59/13. Closing date 2 April 1959.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 – 80 – £2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 20 April 1959.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Mechanical Engineering. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 – 80 – £2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum. In each case cost-of-living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 April 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Research Officer in the Social Science Department. The appointment will be for three years from a date to be arranged but not later than October 1, 1959. Subject to satisfactory qualifications and experience, the salary will be £1,500 × £75 to £1,650 per annum. The appointment is in connection with an enquiry into family life and kinship in the Swansea area and will have special reference to the position of old people. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by Saturday, 4 April 1959.

BBC requires Programme Assistant in the Yugoslav Section. The requirements include Serbo-Croat (Ijekavstina) as mother tongue and good knowledge of English, ability to translate accurately and rapidly from each language to the other, to read fluently in Serbo-Croat at the microphone and to write original material. Candidates should have interest in international affairs and good knowledge of contemporary conditions in Yugoslavia. Journalistic or radio experience an advantage. Appointment normally for three years with possibility of extension. Salary £960 p.a. with prospects. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1039 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council Children's Committee. Child Care Officers. Applications are invited for two vacancies at Area Offices in Mansfield (woman) and Nottingham (man) due to promotion. Candidates should possess the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Certificate. Casework experience desirable. Opportunities to develop preventive and adoption work and short-stay boarding-out. Interest in student supervision desirable. Assisted car purchase scheme. Salary £575-£725 per annum (APTI) according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars from Mrs. M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

LONDON County Council. Barnsbury Secondary (G) School, Barnsbury Park, London, N1. Headmistress required in September for this secondary school for about 1,100 girls. Burnham group XVII (based on average unit total of 1927 for 1956/58). Courses provided in needlework, commercial subjects, housecraft and craft as well as courses leading to GCE (O and A level). Forms TS10 from and returnable to Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (Candidates who have completed Form TS10 within last year and have nothing to alter may complete Form TS10B). Closing date 4 April. (596)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA – University of Queensland. Lecturer in Economics. Within the Department of External Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours Degree in Economics, or equivalent qualifications. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 April 1959.

WELFARE Visitor by Middlesex County Council initially in Enfield & Edmonton area for services to severely handicapped persons (other than blind). Salary Apt. I £605-755 or Misc. III £535-595 (if 26 or over). Commencing salary within scale accdg to quals., exper., etc. Prescribed conditions. Further partics from Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Bldgs., Dartmouth St SW1, by 31 March. (Quote Z.323 NS.)

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holiday. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4, London Road, Chelmsford.

VICTORIA Settlement, Liverpool. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Assistant Warden for work with Girls' and Mixed Clubs. The person appointed will be able to obtain wide experience and would work in close co-operation with Social Workers in other fields. Salary for a person over 25 years of age with teaching qualifications, graduation or equivalent: £510 × £20 – £720 with equal pay increments. Commencing salary will be determined by previous experience. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from The Warden, Victoria Settlement, Netherfield Road North, Liverpool, 5.

HOUSEFATHER (single) required to help look after 28 boys aged 10-15, living in cottage forming part of home for 350 children at Sidcup, Kent. Previous experience and/or qualifications necessary. £475-£550, less deduction for board, etc. Application forms and details from Children's Officer, LCC (CH/SEDO/467), County Hall, London, SE1.

NURSES (SRN and SEN) wanted by Home for the Aged, London. Box 7049.

FRIENDS of the Poor & Gentlefolk's Help. Trained and/or experienced Social Worker wanted for Homes Dept. Further particulars on application to General Secretary, 42 Ebury Street, London, SW1.

YOUTH Leader, qualified and experienced, required for new full-time mixed youth club opening 1 July 1959. Married man whose wife is interested in the work essential. The post offers scope for experiment and imagination. Salary £650 p.a. plus living accommodation. Pension Scheme available. Apply in writing, with full details of age, experience and qualifications, to Mr. L. Mills, Area Youth Organiser, 2 Market Place, Frome, Somerset.

SWALCLIFFE Park School, Swalcliffe, Nr. Banbury, Oxon. A qualified male teacher is required immediately after Easter at this independent Special School for Maladjusted Boys, aged 11-16 years and of average intelligence. House available. Full details from the Principal.

WORLD news agency requires experienced assistant in news library for classification, research and indexing. Contributory pension scheme. Send full details including age and experience to Box 6888.

WEIDENFELD & Nicolson, 7 Cork St, W1, Publishers, require lady immediately as Personal Assistant/Secretary to Sales Manager. This is a most responsible & interesting post as it entails working & running Sales Department without constant supervision. Tel. REG. 0322 for appointment.

RECORD Company seek a full-time experienced proof-reader. Good knowledge of music, especially of opera, necessary, and languages an asset. Would probably suit an older person. Apply Box 7065.

ASSISTANT, responsible, preferably with staff management and secretarial experience, good at letter writing, interested in organizing, wanted by go-ahead social service body; Victoria district. Full 1959 holiday. Pension Scheme. State last & expected salary. Box 7079.

AN experienced Cook required for business family 4 nights a week. Write age & salary reqd. MacKenzie, 37 Greville Hall, NW6.

YOUNG man required for handicrafts showroom. Interesting and progressive position for someone with ability to teach or demonstrate crafts. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

SECRETARY, responsible, perfect German, English, including shorthand, wanted by Publisher, Welbeck area. Good salary, pleasant atmosphere, etc. Box 7093.

EXPERIENCED lady assistant with typing ability required for Antique Galleries, 117 Kensington Church St, W8. BAY. 9618.

PHYSICS. Grad. woman tutor reqd end Apr. for pt-time work Lon. W1. Box 7094.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY, about 24, for Public Relations firm W1. Salary £11. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

SHORTHAND/typist required, English and German shorthand, for machinery business. Modern offices WC district. Telephone: Personnel Officer, CHAncery 2341.

GRADUATE, man or woman, not under 25, wanted in office of postal college in South London. Mainly marking students' papers; certain other duties on educational side of organisation. Salary £700. State age, degree, experience. Box 7021.

PART-time efficient young sec. wanted. City offices (mostly Wednesdays). Box 7051.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire St, W1. Tel. WELbeck 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HONS. Graduate Fine Art (f.), 23, Dipl. Drawing, Painting, knowledge French, German, seeks post. Box 7052.

YOUNG Graduate (f., English, Oxford) secretarial, editorial exp., seeks interesting, responsible post. Box 6700.

SPANISH young lady, from Madrid University, speaking English, seeks post as Anglo-Spanish Secretary or Typist. Box 6676.

SCHOOL Teacher (woodwork), fluent German, moderate French, clerical experience, lit. and social interests, sks employment during summer holidays. Box 6951.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

Continued from page 428

'POLITICS and Public Opinion' with Ritchie Calder, John Beavan, William Gregory, Keith Kyle, Hugh Mackenzie & Robin Marris. Fabian Easter School, 26-30 March, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Partics. 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

EASTER Drama School starting 5 April, London. Others at Leatherhead Repertory Theatre and Chanticleer Theatre, London, starting 5 July, 26 July, 2 Aug., 9 Aug., 17 Aug. (eve). £8 8s. and £5 5s. Professional stage staff. Syllabus from Director, Marion Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19. WIM. 2161.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

WHERE TO STAY

THAMES-side Beauty Spot for your holidays, Croft House Hotel, Burcot, nr Oxford. Tennis/billiards. Reg. Club. AA, RAC.

PORTHLEVEN. Tye Rock Hotel, adjoining beach; views Land's End-Lizard; quiet comfort. 'Home' cooking. AA & RAC recom. S.a.e. for brochure.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish borders. A superb holiday! Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

IF you can't afford the Continent but like the food, sun, sea & country there is an old stone cottage at Salcombe taking a few guests. Bkft. & dinner. 7 gns. p.w. Box 6397.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. Easter 9 gns. Summer 9-12½ gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. Guests welcome in distinctive old house, 5 mins. harbour and beach. From 5 gns. p.w. Lawn House, Church Lane.

LAKES Many Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms, Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

EASTER in Sussex. Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Comf. accom. and good food at moderate terms. Riding stables, Coarse fishing. Tel. Robertsbridge 148.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Weekends and holidays. Ideal for conferences. Vegetarians welcome.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal, 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

18TH cent. cottage, 20th cent. comfort, Engl. & continental cooking. Nr Canterbury, Prices Cottage, Boughton (Kent) 393.

SUSSEX. 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

BREAKFAST in bed a free service at Normanhurst till Whit. Other free 'extras' include early tea, fresh fruit dly., coffees after main meals, htd bedrm in cool weather; no gratuities (surcharge incl. in price). A few dble vacancies from 6½ gns. Also booking for summer from 7 gns. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St Leonards, Sussex. Premier position, sheltered, facing full Sth.

ROME. Modern comf. accom. with Italian family. B. & B. 14s. per day, minimum 1 week. Massimi, Via Dulceri 62.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

RUSSIA FROM 66 GNS

Progressive Tours Ltd specialises in holiday travel in Russia, conducted tours, small parties and individual travel. Tours include the May-Day celebrations in Moscow, leaving London on 25 April with 14 full days in the Soviet Union, and back in London on 18 May for 125 gns. There is also a tour of Moscow and Leningrad, travel is by air, with 9 days in the Soviet Union at 115 gns, or a tour by Russian ship for 66 gns.

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Savour delicious Hungarian cuisine and wines to the strains of famous gipsy orchestras – bask in the sun on the beaches of Lake Balaton – revel in the infectious gaiety of Budapest. We have inclusive holidays to Hungary from as little as 42 gns. for a fortnight. Full details in Book No. 3, free from
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CHARTER YACHT LEAVING RAMSGATE FOR MEDITERRANEAN

via Paris and canals 12 April has some berths available from £35/45, fully inclusive. One way cruise only of about three weeks.
Also available for charter in Mediterranean from May onwards.
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Prices from 39 gns.
Vacancies available, 16 & 30 May, 13 & 27 June, 11 July, 5 & 19 September.
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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

EASTER PARTIES

Spend a gay Easter with our house party at Moulsford-on-Thames or in Rye, Sussex. There will be a host to arrange excursions and all social activities, dancing, etc. Tennis court available in the grounds at Moulsford. Cost of Easter weekend £8, Easter week £10 5s. There are still a number of vacancies on our Easter party in Paris and our special Teenagers' Easter and Winter Sports parties (Paris and Austria).

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE,
47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London,
SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

INEXPENSIVE French Holidays listed in leaflet showing 100 inclusive holidays offered by British travel agents from £15 18s. upwards. Prices compare well with holidays elsewhere at similar distances and you have the advantage of the new favourable rate of exchange for other spending and purchases. Motorists get free customs papers and a 21% reduction on petrol by means of petrol cheques issued to visitors and the benefit of Europe's finest road network on which really to enjoy motoring. There are 10,000 tourist hotels to choose from. For a typical selection send for Hotel booklet giving full range of prices in Savoy. And as there is always some worthwhile event in France to attend, ask also for the beautifully presented Calendar of Events. All these and other information free from the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W1.

PLAN your holiday with maps from: – Rallykit, 10 Plum Lane, London, SE18. Write for free 1959 price list.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

'HEAVEN, heaven, everyone ain't going there', but you can. It's at Hallstatt on Austrian mountain lake. Excursions Salzburg Festival (tickets), Vienna, etc. 3 Aug – 15 days, £33. T. & P. Forman. See below.

VENICE – Austrian Lakes. Unique two centre holiday in Carinthian Lake District and Venice. Excursions Yugoslavia, etc. 17 Aug. 15 days, £37 15s. T. & P. Forman, 135, Pollards Hill South, SW16. POL. 2230.

SEVERAL seats av. Priv. coach tour 1-30 Aug. Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad, Budapest, Vienna, Prague. Cost £155. Write Taylor, 14 The Hall, Foxes Dale, SE3.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, with board, reasonable.

WELL-Appointed house to let (7 rooms) Aug. Highgate, Lon. FIT. 0877. Box 6658

MOTHER, son 7, offers 2 rooms, share k. & b., to mother, child similar age, NW3. Box 6755.

CHELSEA basement: furn. bed/sitt., large kit/din. room, scullery. Share bathrm, phone, £5 p.w. Box 6962.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

CHELSEA. Writer (f.) off. share charming mod. hse prof. woman 28-40. FLA. 3258.

VACANCY bus./prof. woman, newly dec. divan rm, share kit. 2 gns. MOU. 5438.

WELL-furn. sgle b/s-rm. Mod. quiet clean hse. C.h.w., linen, service. HAM. 8698.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/lit. interests. Single room 50s. p.w. HAM. 8109.

YOUNG Household has room vacant share kitchen, bath. 50s. inclusive. BAT. 5875.

GIRL offers share flat. F. heretic any shade welcome. Own bedrm. Box 6677.

PROG. person with schl-child offd share Chelsea family's flat. 90s. Box 7100.

HIGHGATE Wds. Bed/sit., dble 3 gns., sgle 50s., well-kept house. TUDor 8207.

COMF. furn. flat, liv.-rm., bedrm, bathrm, kit./dinette. Own meters gas & elec. Borders Dulwich/Forest Hill. 20 mins. Char. X./City. 4½ gns. in adv. FOO. 2561 aft. 7 p.m.

THIRD girl to join group sharing spacious flat. AMB. 3980.

UNFURNISHED self-contained flat in South London, 5 minutes to trains for London Bridge & Victoria, low rent. Ring between 6-10 p.m. Mon. or Tues. SYD. 2672.

HAMPSTEAD Gdn Sub. Lge cheerful b/s. to let, mother & child/cple. Box 7099.

NICE room for nice person, kitchen, bath, c.h., c.h.w. £4 4s. PRImrose 7407.

BARNES Com., bed-sit., own ckg, cheap for person home Easter, Whit. PRO. 3817.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

LIGHT spacious sgle divan rm, cent. htg, con. hot w., linen, china, sep. ckg, share bth. NW2. Transport gd. 3 gns. WIL. 6025.

HIGHGATE. Nr tube & buses, 2-room flatlet, 2 divans. Light, hot water, own cooker. 70s. p.w. FIT. 0952 (evenings).

FINCHLEY Rd. Attractive nicely furnished flat, double bed-sitting room, communicating kit./dining room, const hot water. £5 10s. Crediton Hill, NW6. HAM. 2854.

LARGE furnished room very near Hampstead Heath, cooking facs, use of phone & bath. £2 p.w. Suit business lady or elderly person. HAM. 4762 after 6 p.m. or week-end.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny 2 rmd flat, fine view, own lav. Emp'd lady. TUD. 8160.

SHARE lady's warm mansion flat by Westminster Cathedral off. prof. lady. Lge div./sit. room, heating, light, cleaning, use k. & b., c.h.w. Complete priv. Cater separately. £21 p.m. Lift, porters, phone. Box 7057.

ATTRACTIVE fully-furnished 2-room flat, ½ hr central London, £4 4s. SYD. 5349.

HAMPSTEAD, single room & breakfast offd to reasonably prog. bus. or prof. man or woman, pref. over 35. 3½ gns. HAM 5765.

S/C furnd flat, dble bedroom, living-rm. facing Hampstead Heath, bath-cum-kit. 6 gns. week. View evgs/wk-ends. SW1, 3521.

FURNISHED flat, almost self-contained, 3 rooms, own kitchen and bathroom, share front door. Child welcome. 5 guineas per week, plus 1 guinea when central heating on. Near stn, Orpington, Kent. Garden. Box 6987.

PETWORTH. Furn. s/c. 2-rm flat, share bath, rent-free to congenial female willing take chge 2 school children twice weekly in hols, some evenings, for part-time journalist mum. Box 7058.

CORNWALL. Bosinver Farm, St Austell, for comfort and seclusion. Thatched & beamed, modernised Farmhouse to let; also 3 delightful chalets, each with own indoor flushing w.c., electric oven and h. & c. shower; and 5 (only) large caravans, each secluded and with own private flushing w.c. Beaches 10 mins by car. Regret full 18 July-5 Sept. S.a.e. for brochure.

EIRE: all-electric bungalow 1 May-30 June, near sea, sleeps three. Rough fishing. £4 weekly. Write Lady Kelly, 76 Elm Park Road, London SW3.

HOLIDAY Flatlets in country house, overlooking N. Devon surfing beach, 8 gns. a wk. Duncan, Welcombe, Bideford.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. 4 rm cottage facing sea. Sleep 4/8. 27 Apr.-30 May, 27 June-25 July, 8-15 Aug. 29 Aug.-5 Sep. 6-12 gns. Gillingham, Steep, Petersfield.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

OWNER small house, Brighton, sleeps 4, seeks exchange 15 August-5 Sept. Any offers Europe? Box 6599.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

UNF. flat, minimum 3 rooms, Cent. London, 2 bus. women. Would decorate. CHI. 8025 evgs & weekends. Box 6939.

SINGLE man seeks flatlet nr Lond., w. service, some meals/cook fac. Box 6972.

SKEN. Chelsea. Girl requires bedsit./unfurn. room urgently. Box 6925.

GIRL student offers light help, sitting-in, part exch. living accom. SW London. April. Box 6926.

DOCTOR requires reasonably priced family house, NW London. No agents. Box 6999.

COTTAGE wtd. Eng./Wales, nr sea, Aug./early Sep. Shewell, Cranbrook, Kent.

PROFESSIONAL woman seeks weekend cottage/flat sea or country 40 miles from London, low rent, long let. Box 6876.

RAMSHACKLE cott. rent/buy. Gentlewom. offs gdn help, sit.-in, bk-kpg. Box 6980.

PROPERTIES TO LET

ARTIST'S cottage nr Milford-on-Sea, Hants, sleep seven, electricity, w.c., rural surroundings, large living-room, ideal children's holiday. Apply Box 6979, PRI. 2144.

PORTHCURNO, Cornwall. Family house nr. sea, S. aspect. Long let preferred. Details Box 6960.

LAMORNA. Cottage, 3 bedrms, bathrm, elec. April-June. 6-8 gns. Box 6961.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

WHITEWAY Colony, Glos. (2 miles Cheltenham & Gloucester). One of the few communities still enjoying autonomous government. Solid part-timber House – Spacious Lounge (23 feet), Three Bedrooms, Garage, Rural Surroundings; £1,250. Particulars: Virgin & Richards, Estate Agents, 3 Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.

CORNISH Smallholding For Sale – £1,250 or offer. Farmhouse comprising – sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, preserving room, dairy. Outbuildings include barn, cooling house, cowbyre, pigsties, garage. Electricity throughout all buildings. Telephone available. About 1½ acres good land, ideal pigs, poultry, flowers. Box 7044.

STEEL frame suitable bases for mod. 2-storey hse. Designed by Ove Arup. 9,500 cu. ft. Elegant staircase, 1st flr timbers. Drgs available. Evenings/w/ends. TID. 2261.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
THE ROYAL BALLET
Evgs 7.30, Mats Sats 2.15.
23 & 25 Mar. (evgs) & 28 Mar. (mat. & evg) The Sleeping Beauty.
24 & 26 Mar. Petrushka, La Valse, Job.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Summer Season opens 1 April with Lucia di Lammermoor (in Italian). Rep. incl. A Masked Ball, Turandot, The Magic Flute.
COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
Evenings 7.30

24 Mar.	Samson and Delilah
26 Mar.	The Flying Dutchman
28 Mar.	Eugene Onegin

End of Season.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues. to Fri. 8.0. St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'The Buskers'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont. revue fr 2.30, Sn. 4. 10th Ed 9th week. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30 Th. 2.30 S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. St. 5 & 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used t' Be'.

SHAW Society: LAMDA students dir. by Ellen Pollock in 'Heartbreak House', at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 20 Mar., 7 p.m. Non-mems 2s 6d.

TOWER. 7.30, 19, 20, 21 Mar.: 'The Good Woman of Setzuan'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'God Bless the Guv'nor' by Ted Willis. Mems.

CONCERTS

PURCELL: Dido & Aeneas. Haydn: Ariadne. Blow: Chaconne. Ilse Wolf, Norman Platt a.o. Choir, Orchestra, Cond.: Walter Bergmann. Sat., 21 March, 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Tickets 3s. 6d. from registrar or at door.

TUESDAY, 24 March, at 7.0 p.m. St James's Church, Piccadilly. Music for Passiontide. Palestrina: Stabat Mater and works by Allegri, Victoria, Handl, Anerio, Viadana, etc. Fifteenth Anniversary Recital of The Renaissance Society. The Renaissance Singers. Director: Michael Howard. The Choir will include falsetti soprani.

ST John Passion, West London Bach Choir. 7.30, Tues., 24 March, Holy Trinity, Paddington, Bishop's Bridge Rd. Prog. 5s. Buses 15, 23, 27, 36.

ICA, Wigmore Hall, Tuesday 24 March, 7.30. Danzi Wind Quintet (Holland). Quintets by Schoenberg, Fricker and Piper. Tickets 9s., 6s. reserved; 3s. unreserved from the Box Office (WEL. 2141).

BACH to Bruch – an evening with German composers. The New Jewish Society, 36 Hallam St, W1. 8 p.m., Wed., 25 Mar.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 22 March: 'Smiles of a Summer Night' (X). From 23 March: 'The Seventh Seal' (X).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Week c. 22 Mar. Karl Malden, Carol Baker, Eli Wallach in Tennessee Williams' 'Baby Doll'. (X).

LEWISHAM FS. RAV. 2461. 7.45, 21 Mar. Unitarian Hall, adj. Cent. Library. 'Ten Best Amateur Films'. Adm. 2s. 6d. and 7.45, 26 Mar. Catford Tn Hall. 'Zéro de Conduite' and experimental prog. Guests 3s.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 22 March: Ad Dei Honorem; Buma (African Sculpture): Master Pavel of Levoca (252).

CHINESE Films – Premier Performance 'Fifteen Girls & a Coach' & 'Actors in the Making' (both 35mm.) Sat., 21 March, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Assembly Hall, Johns Mews, Theobalds Rd, WC1. Tkts 3s. 6d. and s.a.e. Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

MARIE Steiner School of Speech and Dramatic Art. Recital of Poetry, Prose, Scenes and Choruses from Plays by H. L. Ernst, L. W. Ernst, P. C. Friis, on Sunday, 22 March 1959, at 5 p.m. at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St, London, W1. Goethe, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whitman, Eliot, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes. In English, German, Greek.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Sat. 21 March, 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s. and their guests 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 21 March, 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

TREASURES OF CAMBRIDGE
Unique collection of paintings, silver, MSS, sculpture, etc.
GOLDSMITH'S HALL
Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2.
Daily 10.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. (Not Sundays).
Admission 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY
Church Street.
An Exhibition of
OLD MASTERS
From the
NATIONAL LOAN
COLLECTION TRUST
14 March to 5 April.
Weekdays: 10-7. Sundays: 2-6.
Admission free.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Paintings by Philip Sutton; 12 March to 8 April. (253.)

WADDINGTON Galleries. Bryan Wynter: recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Leonelli. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 4 April. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

BOOKS from Polish State Publishing House (PWN Warsaw) on many subjects. Exhibition at Collet's Bookshop, 44 Museum St, WC1. 16-28 March.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Recent Paintings; Bernard Kay: 1st One-man Exhibition. Closing 26 March.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society Recent Purchases. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 26 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Enrico Baj: Interplanetary paintings.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Paintings by Bardone. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. New Paintings by Roger Lersy; French Impressionist paintings; 'Gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2, two exhibitions of paintings, Alfred Daniels & Leonie Jonleigh. 3-28 Mar.

HENRY Cliffe. The Metamorphoses Suite. 6 new lithographs. 3-28 March inclusive. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. St George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1959. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Endre Boszin. Paintings. 23 March-4 April. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Open Easter hols.

HEAL'S 1959 Designs Exhibition showing trends in furniture and furnishing. Catalogue available, Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W1. MUSeum 1666.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Edgard Pillet. 24 Mar.-11 April. Daily 10-6; except Suns.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 8 German Painters: Brüning, Gaul, Götz, Hoehme, Dahmen, Schultze, Schumacher, Platschek. Closing Saturday 21 March, 1 p.m. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Drawings by Gordon Fazakerley. Until 21 March.

THE New American Painting. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes Tomorrow. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Water-Colours by Andre Bicat. Paintings by Denis Mathews & Henry Inlander. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Till 26 March.

NO place to hide. . . . Free Exhibition 23 & 24 Mar. Town Hall, Corsham, Wilts.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH-ASIAN AND OVERSEAS SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP
Special Delegate Conference. Saturday, 4 April 2.30 p.m. at Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1 on CENTRAL AFRICA. Speakers: Eirene White, MP, Joshua Nkomo (Chairman, Southern Rhodesian African National Congress), John Stonehouse, MP. All Labour Parties, Co-op. Parties and TU branches and individual members.

Universities & Left Review Club.
'WAR AND PEACE': KENNETH YOUNGER, RALPH MILIBAND, ALAN SKINNER.
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 23 March, 7.30. 2s., Mems 1s.
ULR Discussion Group: History of Socialism, Eric Hobsbawm: 'Lenin & The New Model Party', LBC, 7.30, Sun., 22 Mar.

UNDER 21 and want to live? Aldermaston-London march for ND starting Good Friday. Buses leaving London – few seats left at 5s. Reserve places, send money: Schools Aldermaston Campaign, 7 Carlisle St, W1, giving age. Details by return of post.

ALDERMASTON March: distribution of leaflets (factories & docks) – evenings Central London with loudspeakers. Help urgently needed: contact at 33 Percy Street, W1. MUSeum 2185.

IAN Mikardo, MP, on 'Socialism or Slump' Afternoon School, Sunday 22 March, 2.30-5 p.m. ASW Offices, 217 Edgware Road, W2. Credentials issued at door 1s. 6d. Organised by North Paddington Labour Party.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. 25 March, 'Eastern Europe and Russia': David Floyd, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

WELCOME Home from Kenya. British Peace Committee Reception for Mr & Mrs D. N. Pritt, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Wed. 25 March, 6 p.m.-8 p.m. Adm. 5s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Jazz'. Ronnie Ross – Personal Choice. Bruce Turner – Recital. Jazz Present and Future – My views. Monday, 23 March, 8 p.m. Members 1s 6d. Guests 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 25 March, 6.30 sharp: 'On Secret Wisdom', E. A. Davies. Book now if you want to be sure of accommodation at our Hoddesdon Summer School, 28 Aug.-3 Sep. Only £9 for a holiday that may change your life! Read 'The Middle Way' (3s.), leading Buddhist journal in the West. NB: the Society's premises will be closed 26 Mar.-5 Apr. incl. Inf.: TAT. 1313.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Wed., 25 March. 'Views on Nature'. Admission free.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 22 Mar. F. H. A. Micklewright, MA, 'Moral Practice and the Easter Legend'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Pl. Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 24 Mar. Dr W. E. Swinton, 'Moral Ideas in Darwin's "Origin of Species"'.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun. 22 March. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Frances Roseveare, 'Peace Through Woman'.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 22 March, 8 p.m. 'On Theosophical Study and Work'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

MEETINGS of up to 100 persons can be held in the newly designed Asquith Room at 2 Soho Sq., W1. 'Phone or write for full details to Office Manager, ACTT. GER. 8506.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Re-education Centre (Formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd), 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Lois Cairn and Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement and relaxation of muscular and nervous tension.

PASS Your Exam! – that's what you can do – easily; with a wonderful course revealing the correct psychological approach to studies and exam. room; and with the remarkable book 'The Exam Secret', full of invaluable information every student must have. For details: Dennis Jackson, BA, 6 Rosslyn Road, Manchester 16.

LECTURES, COURSES, etc.—continued

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1959/60 begins Monday, 5 October 1959. Applications are invited from (i) part-time students wishing to follow evening courses for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science; (ii) full-time and part-time students wishing to read for Higher Degrees by thesis or to follow courses leading to MA and MSc. Mathematics, MSc. Crystallography, and the Academic Postgraduate Diplomas in Psychology and Numerical Analysis. Applications for admission should be made before 1 June. Pamphlet and form of applic. may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St, WC1

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Selection Board examination for admission to years other than the first, in September 1959, will be held on 4 May. Last date for applications: 1 April. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, WC1.

THE Modern Method for High Grade Secretarial Work and Verbatim Reporting is Stenotyping (Machine 'shorthand'). Quick and easy to learn. Used increasingly by business concerns and official bodies at home and abroad. Suitable for foreign languages. Call for demonstration or write for prospectus, Palantype College (ST), 229 High Holborn, WC1. HOLborn 5104.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ST James' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W. HYDe Park 6524 – Intensive Secretarial Course starts 6 April – small groups – remarkable results. Also attrac. Language Courses & Engl. for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TOUCH-Typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 8392.

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MABEL Byles. Private lessons Shorthand, Typing, English, French, Latin. 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting – Five annual Entrance Scholarships available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
DELEGACY FOR EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES
SUMMER SCHOOL IN SCIENCE
28 July-11 August 1959
to be held in Queen's College, Oxford and University Science Departments. Laboratory and field courses of Study for one or two weeks in Natural History, Vertebrate Animals, Chemistry, Biochemistry and Physics, and special week-end courses in Genetics and Plant parasites; with a lecture course on Evolution. The courses are given by lecturers and demonstrators from the Departments of Zoology, Agriculture, Organic Chemistry, Biochemistry and the Clarendon Laboratory, and attention is paid to students' preferences in individual work. The programme should be of special interest to teachers of Science, scientists and technicians engaged in industry, members of adult classes and others who wish to extend their knowledge and understanding of Science. Fee £10 per week inclusive (reduced rate for students from adult classes £7 7s.); week-end courses: Plant Parasites £3 5s; Genetics £4 17s. 6d. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Science Summer School, Oxford University Delegacy for Extra-mural Studies, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford. Telephone: Oxford 57203

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